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Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY

FOR WINTER NIGHTS
AND
SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 321.

PATTERSON PARK.*

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Tom Moore may dilate on the Vale of Avoca,
Its "purest of crystal and brightest of green;"
Miss Dunlap may tell of romantic Glenoea,
Where nature's wild beauties illustrate the scene.
But give me a spot which lies east of our city,
Which, even from earliest daylight till dark,
Yields many a theme for romance and for ditty;
I sing the soft pleasures of Patterson Park.

How sweet are the hours in that beautiful Eden,
When low shines the sun over fountains and
flowers,
And winds from the south, soft as kisses, come,
laden
With freshness from waters and fragrance from
flowers.
For then does East Baltimore send forth its lasses,
With cheeks like the sunset and tones like the
lark,
And forms whose rare loveliness even surpasses
All else that is lovely in Patterson Park.

Toward where the river, spread out in expanses,
Reflects all the glorious hues of the skies,
The bright eyes of beauty bend wondering glances,
While sweet lips are parted in pleasant surprise.
No wonder they gaze with delight on that vision
Of rose-tinted water and white-plumed bark,
Which, with their dear presence, makes seem as
elysian
Our care-relieved moments in Patterson Park.

Though fountains with musical murmurs are plash-
ing,
And perfumes exhalant from flower, grass and
tree,
And red-golden light on fair objects is flashing,
While o'er them the heavens bend cloudless and
free:
A thousand-fold greater the fragrance and luster
Of all that is sweetest, most worthy of mark,
Beacon, when the bellies of East Baltimore cluster,
Like garlands of beauty in Patterson Park.

And oft, when the busy day's troubles are over,
We'll haste to these precincts to linger there long,
Where bright forms and fancies around us still
hover
Like ministering angels to shield us from wrong,
And whether our future be blessed or sinning,
And whether our fortune be brilliant or dark,
Our minds and our hearts pleasant memories are
winning
Whenever we visit fair Patterson Park.

* Baltimore, Md.
† "A Legend of Glenoea," by Miss Eliza J. Dun-
lap, of Baltimore.

The Cross of Carlyon: OR, THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD. A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK CRESCENT," "FLAMING
TALISMAN," "RED SCORPION," "SILVER
SERPENT," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE DARK LADY.

My mother and I lived on the Harford road, about fifteen years ago.

Our house was a snug affair, all that my father had left us when he died, besides the four cows, whose supply of milk, with the random odd jobs I picked up, afforded our sole means of subsistence.

There was a stage-coach then plying between Rossville and Baltimore city.

We found it a difficult matter to get along; I don't know what we should have done if there had been house-rent to pay.

Mother was a meek, abiding woman, never complaining; she seemed to cherish some patient hope that we would not always be so poorly situated, and ever wore a smile, whether our fare was scant or plentiful. Her calm faith in Providence encouraged me. I worked industriously at everything that offered, if it was honest.

Still, at times, I would fall to ruminating on our hard lot; and then there would be something continually happening—some accident or other—which might reasonably be considered vexatious.

I was at the churn, one day, turning the crank vigorously. I had to make the butter without delay, as we needed money. The crank stuck fast. It wouldn't budge, so I gave it a jerk, and—over went the churn, half-made butter and all.

I contemplated the dirty mass in bewilderment; then the loss broke upon me heavily. No butter that day—all our careful savings of cream totally spilled.

"Confound it!" burst from my near sobbing lips; "there it goes; just our luck, misfortune all the time. What's to be done now, I wonder?"

"Jerome!" reproved my mother, who came to my side as the thing happened; "for shame, my son. Don't talk that way."

"It isn't the butter, mother, but the money we lose by it—we who need it so. It's too bad."

"So it is, Jerome; but then I've nearly finished the gay toilet-set, you know, and maybe it will sell for even more than the butter."

"Maybe it will," I assented, gloomily; and then we went into the house.

"Don't be so down-hearted, Jerome," begged my mother, as we sat down to our noonday meal—a cup of tea and some slices of toast. "There's something in store for us, I hope, which, through your strong arm, and an abiding faith, will raise us from poverty and struggle. So, let the butter go."

"You've often talked that way, mother; but I don't see that we're improving much."

It was a heartless retort to her kind, encouraging speech—I ought to have had my ears boxed; but the words seemed to bubble from my lips, somehow, before I could prevent them.



There stood a shriveled object in gray, tattered garments, with twinkling eyes and face of ugliness.

"Have we not great cause for thankfulness, my son? Your father did not leave us entirely destitute, and we have health and strength to sustain us, however hard our trials. Try to think better of our few small blessings, and not sigh for so many more. There's our love, too, darling; what could be brighter in our home than that? It pains me when you grumble at things so, and I often nearly fall striving to keep us both cheerful."

"There, there, dear mother," I interrupted, as I saw a tear trickling down her cheek, "it's wicked in me to be finding fault when you are so gentle and hopeful. You haven't wept so since father died; don't do so now. I'll try and be more considerate in future. Ah! who can that be?"

For while I embraced my mother, and kissed away her tears from her eyes, there sounded a tapping at the door, which, engrossed as we were, startled us.

A veritable gipsy. There had not been any in the neighborhood for years. Here she was now, with her keen black eyes, tawny skin, midnight hair smoothed over her wrinkled forehead, and round her shoulders a shawl of glaring red.

"Let me tell your fortune," she squeaked, stepping closer, and peering steadily into my face. "Have you a piece of silver? Ha! I see something strange in your face. It's a whole history. I'm no humbug, like the people say. Give me silver and I'll tell you all about it."

I was at once curious to hear her mummery. There was a three-cent silver piece in my pocket, which I had received in change; but, surely, so small an amount would not satisfy her.

"See this," said I, showing her the piece; "it is all I have."

"Enough, for it's silver. Give me that and a bite of bread. I've tramped all the way from the city this morn'g."

So I promised the lunch, gave her the piece, and she took my hand in hers.

"Jerome," protested my mother, "is it well to countenance such folly?"

"No harm, mother; I know it's all nonsense."

"No folly, madam, as you will discover in time," croaked the gipsy, in a peculiar voice. "Oh, this is a plain hand of yours. I can read it easily. You are not to be poor forever. There's eminence and money in this sign."

"Do you hear that, mother?" I said, with a chuckle. "Well, what else, gipsy?"

"But you won't accomplish this alone," continued the oracle. "There are singular events to happen in your life; mysteries and incredible sights. Ah! here is an outlandish prophecy: a dark-tinted cross all dripping with blood. You'll see it long before you can understand it—then find out what it means as you go through life. Here's a lady—a dark lady; she is wealthy, and beautiful as a picture in a dream. You will meet her and love her. Be careful—there is something shrouding her, perhaps a crime or a lasting curse. Be kind to your mother. You won't have her long. Some night, when she is dead, you will dream of her; and the dream will save your life. In the end, much happiness. That's all I can see in this hand. Good day, good day, and thanks to you." With a nod and a grin she went her way along the road, munching at the half-loaf we had given her.

I watched her receding form a while; her utterances, in spite of myself, had left a queer impression.

I grew uneasy. I know my actions were singular, for mother detected me moving about in an absent sort of manner, and I thought she was troubled. But nothing was said, and the day wore away just a little more solemn than usual.

I fully expected to dream unpleasantly that night, but did not. In fact, after a lapse of two or three days, the gipsy and her rigmorle began to wear out of my thoughts, and at the expiration of a week, I had nearly forgotten the scene entirely.

It was Saturday night, about seven o'clock, I think, when there came another tap at our door.

The tap of the gipsy and the tap of this night, were the only summons' at our humble home since the death of my father.

I stepped forward to see who it was, and confess to some surprise at finding there a grand-dressed and beautiful lady!

It was an unexpected sight; for what could such a person be wanting out there on that lonely road, in such a night of drizzling wet?

Then I noticed a man by her side, with a whip in his hand, and further in the light that flooded through the doorway, was a cab. All this at a glance, for she addressed me immediately with:

"Pardon my intrusion, sir. Can I obtain a temporary accommodation here?"

I mechanically threw wide the door, and bade her enter and welcome. In truth, I hardly know what I said; I was dazzled.

Turning to the man with a whip she paid him some money and dismissed him.

"Draw near to the fire," I urged, placing a chair. "It's a wretched night outside."

"Thank you," and gently shaking the water from her velvet cloak, she seated herself; then bowed smilingly to my mother, removing her bonnet with the daintiest of jeweled fingers.

At this moment I happened to glance at my mother, and as I did so I could not repress a start. She was very pale, and sat glowering at the corner, as if she saw there the advent of a terror.

"What is it, mother?" I stammered.

"Are you unwell?"

"No—nothing," she answered, hastily; and the blood surged into her cheeks. "Will you have a cup of tea?" to the stranger.

"Yes, if convenient. Don't trouble yourself for my sake."

But we generally kept the tea-pot simmering in the evenings; and while mother busied herself spreading the cloth, I took a chair by the hearth.

"No doubt you think I'm a singular person, to be out here alone at this hour," said the lady, laughing lightly. "But, I am accustomed to traveling unattended; and besides, you know, one's business cannot be attended to well by other people."

"You have business hereabouts, then?" I ventured.

"Yes—quite important."

I remembered that there was a fine farm for sale on the opposite side of the road, and perhaps that was what brought her. But, daylight should have been chosen for such an errand.

As she sat at the table I had a better view of her than when she came in. She was, indeed, lovely.

Her eyes were black and hard as coals, glistening like stars under jetty brows and short lashes. Her hair was a mass of glossy opulence; head shaped for the crown of a queen,

skin of transparency and blush, and features sufficiently classic to inspire the beholder with thoughts of dignity, stern purpose and familiarity with the world, all centered there. I failed to imagine that there was a single indication of passion in her nature. Yet, it was an entrancing picture—a lovely face, a regal carriage.

Perhaps there was a warning of danger lurking in the flash of the cold eyes. But I seemed to disregard this, gazing enraptured, my mind floating away into weird weaving spells, while I dared to wonder what could have brought such a glorious creature to our unpretentious abode.

"Can you give me a pen, ink and paper?" she inquired, gracefully pushing back her chair when she had finished the cup of tea. "I would like to write a letter."

I was so absorbed, I only heard the music of her voice—not the words; a sound that was to me, in my nameless intoxication, much like what the tones of angels are said to be.

Mother brought the articles readily, and the strange lady began to write.

It was my mother who roused me, by an abrupt whisper, from my rare fancies. Her lips were to my ear, and I perceived that she had again grown pale.

"What is it, mother?"

"Have you noticed?"

"Noticed—what?"

"Jerome, you have forgotten the gipsy's prophecy."

"Ah!"—as it rushed upon me—"you mean about the dark lady?"

"Yes. It is she. You don't know how startled I was."

"Nonsense, mother; why, I thought you disbelieved the jugglery from the first."

"Ah, me! there's queer things happen in this world."

"So there are," I answered, and returned my eyes to the strange lady, while mother stood watching the crackling logs reflectively.

Our visitor soon ended her writing, and placing the note in an envelope addressed it carefully. Then she took a piece of sealing-wax from her pocket and placed a red seal upon the missive.

"Will you do me a great favor?" she asked. "I was about to precipitate myself at her feet, and declare my willingness to obey her in everything; but my mother interposed."

"If we can, Miss—"

"Call me Miss Christabel," she prompted; and continued: "Is your good son well acquainted in Baltimore city?"

"Yes, Miss Christabel, he knows almost any locality."

"And can I get you to deliver this note for me to-morrow? I will pay you \$20 if you deliver it safely."

At this, I could not help feeling angry. I did not want the money; she had only to command, and I would obey.

"You are very kind," said my mother. "Jerome will deliver it for you."

Miss Christabel handed the note to my mother, and arose to resume her chair by the hearth.

I instantly saw, for the third time, the troubled expression in my mother's face. She looked, for a second, at the large red seal, then turned it over, out of sight, as if frightened.

"Now," spoke the musical voice of our visitor, "I have to tell you a part of my business. So your name is Jerome—what is the rest?"

"Jerome Harrison."

"I'll call you Mr. Harrison. Would you like to earn \$100?"

"A hundred dollars!" echoed my mother, her eyes brightening.

But, it seemed to me, this was twice she had intimated a knowledge of our poverty, which I felt all the more, in the rich glamour of her presence; I disliked her hints, was dissatisfied with her and myself, and demanded bluntly:

"How am I to 'earn' \$100?"

"By assisting me in my business. Perhaps I may show you the opportunity to enrich yourself, and provide bountifully for your good mother. I am pleased with our acquaintance already. Have you much knowledge of mercantile or real estate affairs?"

"None, save a tolerable schooling, and a right rough experience," I replied, somewhat better humored.

"We may be closely allied, some day—who knows! How would you like to earn \$200 a month right along?"

I stared aghast. So did my mother.

CHAPTER II.

THE TABLEAU OF THE VAULT.

"But, come," went on the mysterious lady, "we'll talk of that another time. I want you to assist me in a very bold piece of business, just now, for which I'll pay you \$100."

"My son is always ready to perform any honorable work."

"I would not wish him to do anything dishonorable."

"Then it's settled. Eh, Jerome?"

"Certainly," I agreed.

"He must have nerve, and be practical-minded enough to defy foolish superstitions," further said the strangelady.

"I have a strong nerve," I informed her, proudly. "And as to superstitions—well, I never did believe in ghosts."

"Ghosts! Ha! ha! ha! do you think I meant ghosts? Well, so I did. How would you act if you saw one?"

"There are no such things," I asseverated, stoutly.

"But suppose there were?"

"Yes, Jerome," interpolated my mother, "suppose there were?"

"Well, I'm not a coward, you may safely wager. I wouldn't run."

"Do not over-estimate your bravery," said Miss Christabel, with another of those low, musical laughs that made my ears tingle in delight. "Do not be too sure of your nerve, Mr. Harrison. I want you to go with me where you will certainly meet a ghost."

"You are jesting?"

"No. Will you accompany me on a visit to Lochwood?"

My mother sat very still at those words, and surveyed the speaker as if she thought her crazy. Sure enough, if it was to Lochwood I must go, then, according to rumors, I would encounter ghosts. I experienced a peculiar sensation, notwithstanding my bravery.

Nobody had ever seen ghosts at Lochwood, but rumor had it so, and everyone gave the old deserted mansion a wide berth.

"What on earth could be taking you there?" ejaculated my mother, at last.

Miss Christabel frowned. But she presently smiled, and said:

"You certainly cannot be so inquisitive as to wish to pry through my secrets?"

"No, no, no; I didn't mean that. Forgive me."

"I'll go with you, Miss Christabel," I said, and I walked to the door, to look out upon the night.

To my surprise, I saw that the storm was breaking, and the full moon darted its beams aslant from the rifts, making the pools and puddles in the roads glisten like glass.

"There are certain conditions first," Miss Christabel informed me.

"Please name them."

"You are to promise solemnly that you will never make known my visit here; that you will never divulge what you see me do or see otherwise."

"I do solemnly promise," was my reply.

"And I," joined in my mother; adding: "provided, you do not exact anything from Jerome, in this strange affair, which would be at all likely to involve his honor."

"Never fear on that score. Further: our visit to Lochwood must be a secret never to leave your heart or lips, even in speaking to me; and when we again meet, as is highly probable, you will not seem to recognize me if others are present."

"I promise that, too."

"Here is your money in advance"—handing me two crisp bank notes. "We will need a lantern. Have you one at hand?"

"You do not intend making the visit to-night?" I put in, in surprise.

"To-night—and immediately. The delay of an hour may be detrimental to my plans. Make haste, please."

"It shall be just as you say."

With this, I entered the adjoining room, where my cowhide boots stood by the bench, and hurried to prepare for my tramp with Miss Christabel.

While thus occupied, my mother joined me. She closed the door softly behind her; then hastened to my side, saying:

"Jerome! Jerome! I am plagued with a horrible fear this night."

"Mother!"

"I almost wish you were not going with that dark, beautiful woman."

"Why?" exclaimed I, in astonishment, "what has possessed you?"

"There's a mystery about her."

"A mystery? Oh, it can't amount to much, if there is."

"I think we'd best not mix up in her business."

"Don't be so timid, mother," and I gave my boot a hearty stamp as I pulled on the second boot.

"Jerome, listen to me," she pursued, very gravely. "Do you remember what the gipsy said about the cross?"

"That gipsy again! It bothers you more than it does me, mother."

"But, the cross—"

"Eh! Oh, that was something her fanciful imagery created."

"Not so. I have cause to think seriously. Look at this—see!"

She held up the letter which Miss Christabel had given her, and pointed tremblingly to the large seal.

I took it from her, and drew nearer to the light on the mantelpiece, where I could see the impression plainly.

For a moment, my senses whirled. Then we gazed at each other in silence. For there, on the seal, was the representation of a cross, all dripping with blood—blood, of course, for the gipsy had prophesied it.

I recalled her weird words:

"A dark tinted cross, all dripping with blood. You'll see it long before you can understand it. There is a lady—a dark lady. She is wealthy and beautiful as a picture in a dream. You will meet her and love her. Be careful. There is something shrouding her—perhaps a crime or a lasting curse!"

Then my mother cried, in a guarded way:

"Oh, my son! be careful. Be ever watchful; do not let her lead you astray. You are all I have left in the world, and if anything befalls you, I don't know what I should do—"

she completely broke down, and burying her face in her hands, began weeping sorely.

"Do not worry, mother. Rest assured, whatever this unexpected fulfillment of the prophecy portends, I am now prepared to act in accordance with strict duty."

I was relieved in expressing myself. I appeared to rise out of the enchantment to which I had hitherto yielded. Sight of the significant cross, coupled to an understanding of my mother's convictions, put a new face on the import of the strange lady's visit.

My mother returned to Miss Christabel.

I kept an old pistol in the drawer of a sideboard, but it had never contained powder and bullet, as mother stood in great fear of firearms. I now took this from its resting-place, loaded it carefully, and stowed it in the pocket of my overcoat.

"If there's ghosts at Lochwood," thinks I, "it won't be good for them to run against me, that's all."

In a short time I was ready. Miss Christabel readjusted her cloak and bonnet, and started out. I followed, swinging my lantern, though I had not lighted it yet. The moon gave us light enough to see the route.

We walked briskly, neither speaking a sentence, and soon struck into the weed-grown path that led up to the mansion.

I noticed that she was familiar with every inch of ground.

I knew but a few items concerning this estate called Lochwood. It was very extensive, having entrances on two roads—these roads at least a mile apart. It must have been a grand estate, once; but, ever since I could remember, it had been unoccupied and going to waste.

As we passed through the dense woodland, approaching the mansion—where hardly a glimpse of the moon came down—I fancied all sorts of goblins, and the wind, rising with the clearing weather, moaned most dismally.

Pretty soon we reached an area way, down a flight of stone steps, to an archway where the door had crumbled off and lay in rotted splinters on the flags.

"You may light the lantern, Mr. Harrison," said Miss Christabel, lowly, as she stooped and tried to peer into the darkness beyond the arch. "Ugh! It isn't very inviting in there."

"No, Miss Christabel."

While fumbling with the lantern, I was having some strong thoughts as to what, in the name of the saints, my companion was up to.

Perhaps, after all, she was an escaped lunatic, and this was nothing but a mad freak of hers.

Alone with her, in the dreary solitude, and nearly rid of the spell created by her mysterious presence, I fortitively watched her as I lighted the lantern lamp, being fully prepared for anything treacherous that might occur.

We entered the cellars, or rather vaults of the mansion. There was a cross corridor of stone, chambered on each side, and a main passage that looked like the branching avenue of a catacomb. The whole underground portion of the house seemed as if roomed off for occupancy. But, who could think of living there—in such an atmosphere of ghoulish horrors!

At the corner of the two passages, Miss Christabel halted.

"Now, Mr. Harrison, your bravery and my own will be put to a test. I wish to take the lantern and proceed alone. You remain here until I call you or come back to you. It was because I feared danger from humans that I asked your company for protection."

"Will you be absent long?"

"No."

"All right. I'll await you here."

I was suspicious at this moment. But I remembered the pistol, and slipping my hand in my pocket, I cocked the weapon. I think she must have seen that I was on the alert, for my tone was meaning enough when I said:

"All right. I'll await you here."

She disappeared in one of the vaulted chambers, and I was alone in the inky darkness.

It is not pleasant to stand by one's self in the cellars of a house supposed to be tenanted by unearthly things, and that in the dark, too.

My imagination played fearfully as the moments passed; my ears were set for the slightest sound, till I could have heard the soft cushioned tread of a cat. My nerves—the nerves I boasted of—were strung to a tension of severest tax.

Suddenly, the spectral stillness was broken by a curdling scream. It came from the direction in which Miss Christabel had gone.

My hair raised, and my whole system seemed contracted by a momentary fright—only momentary; then, as I was about to dash forward to the rescue of Miss Christabel, I felt something brush past me in the gloom, carrying with it a cold, disagreeable air that made my flesh creep.

But, I concluded it must be my companion fleeing from some uncouth specter in the vault beyond—the apparition a man of flesh and blood, perhaps.

I turned to follow her, and it was on my lips to cry:

"Miss Christabel! Miss Christabel! What is it? Wait for me! I will protect you!"

But before I could word that cry—and you may judge of my great surprise—I heard Miss Christabel calling to me, from the original direction:

"Mr. Harrison! Where are you? Bring a match, please; the lantern has overturned and gone out."

This was inexplicable. My mind was dizzy. If the figure that brushed past me was not the strange lady, then who—or what was it?

Ghost, or human?

If Miss Christabel was not in danger or fright—for her voice was calm, unruffled as ever—and it was not she who uttered the shriek which still rung in my ears, then what did it all mean? What had transpired to occasion the thrilling outcry?

"Mr. Harrison, are you coming?" she called again.

"Yes, yes, I'll be with you directly, Miss Christabel."

I lighted a match, and moved slowly ahead. She was at the doorless entrance to the vaulted chamber, and as I reached her she groped about in search of the lantern.

When we were again provided with a light, I examined her countenance, to see if she was alarmed or hurt. On the contrary, her beautiful face was glowing radiant.

"What was that scream?" I asked.

"Ghosts!" she answered.

"I thought it was you."

"No—ghosts!" laconically.

I didn't altogether believe it was a ghost.

"Look!" said she. "I have accomplished my object. Here is what I came for," and she held up a long, narrow document, in the dim glint of the lantern.

I must have appeared a very fool. For I knew, as I looked at the paper which she extended aloft, I was dumbstruck.

There, on the folded surface, admirably executed in red and black ink, was a dark-shaded cross dripping with blood!

Was I ever to know what that cross meant?—and who it was that flitted past me in the stygian shroud of the corridor?

"Have you seen it before?" she asked, noticing my bewilderment.

"On the seal of the letter you gave my mother."

"Never before?"

"No—honestly."

"It is the Cross of Carlyon!"

"Cross of Carlyon?" I repeated, wondering what that meant.

"Perhaps, some time in the future, you will understand it, Mr. Harrison. It tells of a crime and a lone heart's suffering." Then, as if to herself: "At last I shall cheat The Hawk—at last!"

"The Hawk?" I repeated, inwardly.

"Who, or what is this hawk?—a bird or a man? Men are often called hawks. I wish I knew more of this thing. It is wrapping a mist around me."

While muttering, she aroused me.

"Hark! Look behind you, Mr. Harrison—quick!"

I gave a lightning glance toward the door. There stood a shriveled object, in gray, tattered garments, with twinkling eyes and face of ugliness.

"It was you," I cried, "who passed me in the corridor. Stop! Who are you?"

Acting on impulse, I sprang forward to grasp this object—but it had vanished in the gloom beyond.

Simultaneously the dark lady lolloped, in gleeful accents:

"Hawk and Lizard! Hawk and Lizard! Ha! ha! ha! Two to one! And beat—beat—beat!"

Turning, I discovered her in a convulsion of laughter that threatened to burst her veins.

(To be continued.)

VIOLET AND ROSE.

Violet delicate, sweet,
Down in the deep of the wood,
Hid in thy still retreat,
Far from the sound of the street,
Man and his merciless mood—
Safe from the storm and the heat,
Breathing of beauty and good
Fragrantly, under thy hood!

Beautiful maid, discreet,
Where is the mate that is meet,
Meet for thee—strive as he could—
Yet will I kneel at thy feet,
Feeling another one should!

Rose in the hedge rose grown,
Where the scent of the fresh sweet hay
Comes up from the fields new mown,
You know it—you know it—alone,
So I gather you here to-day!

For here—was it not here, say—
That she came by the woodland way,
And my heart with a hope unknown
Rose!

Ab, yes—with her bright hair blown,
And her eyes like the skies of May,
And her steps like the rose-leaves storm
When the winds in the rose trees play—
It was here—oh, my love, my own
Rose!

FERGUS FEARNAGHT; OR, Our New York Boys.

A STORY OF THE BY-WAYS AND THROUGHFARES.

BY GEORGE L. ALLEN,
AUTHOR OF "FALSE FACES," "BOY, THE
RECKLESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

REVELATIONS.

FERGUS was very much astonished to find himself so affectionately embraced, but he attributed this action to the lady's gratitude.

"A little hysterical on account of the fright she got," he thought. "Well, it was a pretty big scare."

So he submitted quietly to Lorian's caresses.

After her first fervent embrace, she took off his cap, the better to observe his features, and laid her hand upon his head.

"Oh! how short they've cut your hair!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, that's the Island clip," replied Fergus, laughingly.

"You made your escape?"

"Yes, Mr. John Jackson and his wife helped me off."

"Why?"

"Well, they kind of took a notion to me," returned Fergus, evasively.

"Had you waited until to-day you would have received your discharge."

"Yes, I know it now, but I didn't know it then; I would have waited if I had."

"When did you learn it?"

"About twelve o'clock to-day. I was stopping with Mary Jackson at her house in Harlem, and I thought that Mrs. Nandrus and Fleda might be anxious about me, and so I asked her to go down and see them and tell them that I was all right. When she came back she said Lawyer Pickles had been there after me, and said he'd got my discharge. Clever in him, wasn't it? So I just traveled down home, and I tell you they were glad to see me again, Fleda, particularly."

"The little girl?"

"Yes; so after I had taken a lunch with her, I just sailed out for a bit of a walk, and I tell you, the boys looked at me, for they hardly knew me with my hair so short. It felt kind of good, though, to think I could walk round and not have to dodge the cops. I'm going to call on Pickles and thank him—though I don't know why he should trouble himself about me."

It was at my request.

"Yours?" cried Fergus, surprisedly.

"Yes; look at me. Do you think you ever saw my face before?"

Lorian put this question eagerly, and Fergus scanned her features closely in compliance with the request.

"Yes, I remember you now," he replied.

"You do?" she cried, in a gratified manner.

"You do?"

"Yes, it was you that was in the carriage on Broadway; and sung out 'that's the boy—stop him!'"

"Yes—yes!"

"What did you want to stop me for? Did you think I stole the handkerchief?"

"What handkerchief?" asked Lorian, surprisedly.

"Don't you know?"

"I do not."

"Then you didn't want to stop me on that account?"

"Certainly not."

"Why not?" asked Fergus, curiously.

"Oh, Fergus, can you not guess?"

"The boy shook his head."

"No, I'm blest if I can!" he answered.

"Do you not feel your heart yearning toward me?"

He gazed earnestly in her face.

"You are a nice looking lady," he said, "and I feel as if I could like you."

"Like me!—you must love me!" she exclaimed.

"Why must I?" he inquired, quite bewildered by her manner.

"Why? Because, Fergus, I am your mother!"

"My mother?"

"Your mother!" she repeated; and again she clasped him to her heart.

Despite his bewilderment and astonishment, her words carried conviction to the boy's heart.

"You must be—you must be," he murmured, pleasantly; "and oh! what a nice mother you are!"

"Heaven has been good to me in permitting me to find you after all these years," cried Lorian, gratefully.

"Now, Fergus, you must come home with me."

"What, right away?"

"Yes—yes."

"I'd like to go home and tell Mrs. Nandrus and Fleda first. They'll be anxious about me if I'm not home to supper."

Lorian reflected for a moment.

"Perhaps that would be best," she said, "I must explain all to Elliott now, and arrange my plans for the future. Will you not come to me this evening if I tell you where to come?"

"Yes," answered Fergus, promptly.

She took out one of her cards and gave it to him. He read off the inscription readily, somewhat to her surprise.

"Mrs. Elliott Yorke, Bergen avenue."

"Oh, you can read!" she said.

"Oh, yes."

"Who taught you?"

"Fleda."

"She has been a good friend to you?"

"Tip-top!" Fergus referred to the card that he held in his hand. "Is this your name?" he inquired.

"Yes—my married name."

"And is my name Fergus Yorke?"

"No, my boy; your name is Robert Fergus Armytage."

Fergus could not understand this at all.

"How can that be?" he questioned.

"It was your father's name; but all shall be explained to you in good time. It seems that in some way you lost your first name and were called by your middle name only. I must go home now. Will you walk to the ferry with me?"

"Of course I will."

"As we go along I can tell you how you can find the house in which I live."

They proceeded out of the park together and crossed Broadway. The excitement caused by the wild story had died away, and the street had resumed its usual aspect.

They proceeded uninterruptedly to the Cortlandt ferry, and here Lorian gave Fergus some car and ferry tickets, charged him not to disappoint her in coming that evening, kissed him, and they parted.

Fergus hurried, in high glee, to the old house in Baxter street to break the strange tidings to Mrs. Nandrus and Fleda.

Lorian reached her home in season to change her dress for dinner, and she appeared to Elliott Yorke and Rufus Glendenning, when they met at the table, more radiant than ever.

"What has thawed this icy woman?" was Glendenning's reflection.

"Oh! if she would forever look like this," thought Elliott Yorke.

And the change in her deportment bewildered them both.

The meal passed pleasantly away. When it was over the gentlemen went out on the veranda to smoke their cigars.

Lorian came and leaned over the back of Elliott Yorke's chair.

"When you are done smoking," she said, "come up stairs. I have something to tell you."

He looked up at her surprisedly, but nodded his head affirmatively. She went back into the house. Elliott Yorke resumed his cigar reflectively.

Rufus Glendenning had observed this little incident.

"Something is going on," he concluded.

"What is she about, I wonder?" Then he said aloud to Elliott Yorke: "By the way, Elliott, have you discovered yet who was the original of that portrait in the library?"

"Ah! that must be it!" cried Elliott Yorke, suddenly.

This abrupt exclamation surprised Glendenning.

"It's what?" he questioned, curiously.

"Nothing, no matter, never mind! I was thinking of something—that's all."

"Oh!" exclaimed Glendenning, biting the end of his cigar vexedly.

Elliott Yorke smoked his cigar quietly for a few moments.

"You were speaking about that portrait?" he resumed.

"Yes; I suppose Mrs. Yorke has told you whose it is?"

"Not yet; in fact, I have not asked her. The portrait does not trouble me."

"So I perceive," returned Glendenning, dryly.

Then he was silent, but though his lips moved not his thoughts were very busy, and they ran in this wise:

"The portrait does trouble him, and more than he is willing to admit. I have an idea that there will be a slight breeze in the family this evening; it looks very much as if matters were coming to a climax, and I had best be out of the way."

He arose from his chair.

"Going into the city this evening?" inquired Elliott Yorke, as he saw this movement.

"Yes; I thought I would go to Wallace's theater to night."

"Very good."

Rufus Glendenning went down the walk in a leisurely manner, puffing his cigar as he walked. But his steps became brisker as he went.

"Now only let a breach take place between them, and then comes my opportunity," he muttered. "If the boy belongs to her, as I shrewdly suspect, his haughty pride will never be able to stomach it. Let him put her away—and then—and then—"

He walked swiftly along in gloating anticipation.

Left to himself Elliott Yorke ceased to smoke and suffered his cigar to go out.

"She has something to tell me," he mused.

"There has been something that should have been told to me, from the day she placed her hand in mine and became my wife. I perceived it then, I have been conscious of it ever since, and that knowledge has hung over me, like a blighting shadow, through all these years. She swore to love, to honor and obey me. That she has honored me I have never doubted; that she has been obedient to my every expressed wish is beyond question, but that she has loved me—oh, never, never!"

He passed, and an expression of deepest anguish swept across his features.

"There is a secret in her past life, I know," he resumed, "but I have always shrunk from questioning her concerning it. Her heart has always appeared to me to be a sepulcher, consecrated to some dear memory, and my love has vainly striven to gain admission there. She has something to tell me! Well, let me hear it! The dread of a coming evil is often more terrible than the evil itself. When the worst is known, the remedy can be more speedily be found."

He arose, cast away his neglected cigar, entered the house, and ascended the stairs leading to Lorian's boudoir. He found her seated at one of the windows, gazing pensively out upon the spacious garden, and awaiting his coming. He drew a chair opposite to her and sat down.

"I knew you would come when I saw Rufus Glendenning go," she said.

"You saw him go?" he rejoined, constrainedly.

She folded her hands in her lap and faced him resolutely.

"I have done you a great wrong, Elliott," she began, and her voice quavered despite all her efforts to steady it; "and it was all the more grievous because you have loved me so well."

There came a pleasurable gleam into his eyes.

"You know, then, how much I have loved you," he said; "how much I still love you?"

"That will do," she returned, quietly, but with a flashing gleam in her eyes. "I told you once before never to presume to pollute my ears by your vile protestations, and I repeat it. Don't dare take my husband's name on your lips—my good, noble husband, whom I love with all my heart and soul and life."

She was warming with her defense, and Vinny sneered, mockingly.

"You love him with all his devilish suspicions of you? Ha! ha! ha! didn't he foam that night—curse him! when he assisted me from the conservatory? If he had suspected I got up the little tableau for his special benefit!"

Georgia paled at the memory.

"It was a cruel, inhuman, unmanly act of yours, and you know how the result hurt me. And yet I will not blame him—he had every reason to suppose I was guilty."

"If he wasn't as mad as a March hare when he gets one of his jealous rages on, he'd know you are as immaculate as a snowdrop. By Heaven, Georgia! you are the only woman I ever saw in my life that I would pin my soul's eternal salvation to! And to think your lord and master suspects you! Well, it is some little satisfaction for the disappointment I experience. To think you never have kissed me, once, since I came to life again. To think you scratched my face till it bled, because I overcame you and stole a kiss that night in the summer-house, when you gave me money to preserve your husband's peace of mind!"

Georgia listened coldly, patiently.

"Are you through? Are you ready with your wonderful news, or have you already divulged it?"

Vinny bit his lip to keep from cursing at her imperturbable haughtiness.

"By Jupiter, Georgia, I will wring your stubborn neck, yet! Have I not used every means in my power to make your life a hell on earth, so far? Have I not planted a gulf between you and the man you worship, that grows wider every day? Are you not both perfectly miserable, through my machinations? And there is yet another stroke waiting for you. Hear—woman, who has scorned and repulsed me—hear that my baby, Jessamine, is alive to-day, and not ten minutes' drive from here!"

He said it as if he delivered a prophecy; expecting, if ever he expected anything in his life, to see her faint at his feet in sudden emotion; or to hear her scream, or to see her pale with agitation, and possibly grovel at his feet in suing for more information.

Georgia heard, calmly.

"I know it. You were riding with her last evening. I saw you both. Is this your news?"

Vinny's face was a revelation. His mouth was parted in astonishment at her reception of his news. His eyes were fixed on her beautiful face, in speechless wonderment.

"Now—our interview is over. I presume you came for more money in return for your 'immense news'; but you will never receive another cent of my husband's money. As for my darling child—detectives are on her track, and I have no fear of what you can do. Good-morning!"

She bowed coldly—this tried, true woman, who at last had come to the happiness of her life.

For, as she inclined her head, forth from one of the dozen recesses of the library, came Theo Lexington, his grand face white with agitation, his eyes scintillating with a passionate joy that made Georgia's heart bound. He sprang to Georgia's side, and crushed her to his breast, his arms clinging around her, his lips raining kisses after kiss on her bewildered face.

"Georgia! darling! darling! wife! Oh, thank God for this hour—thank God!"

He seemed overcome with his great joy, and Georgia, with strange quiet, nestled in his passionate embrace, as if to die there would repay her for all her years of suffering.

"Theo—dear! the cloud is past—forever! You trust me, now?"

He kissed her quivering lips, her tearful eyes.

"Past forever! You will forgive me, and I will make amends for my wicked jealousy by making you so happy you will think it almost worth the price we have paid. My own—my wife!"

Vinny stood, in grim, stolid silence; a spectator to the bliss his own lips had unwittingly wrought. His whole soul was in a tempest of fury, but he felt he had come to the end of his part of the drama, and he accepted his situation with a grace worthy a better man.

"I wish you joy of your wife—only it will be well to remember occasionally she was mine first. I don't think I shall bother you again, unless you call it a bother to be obliged to know your happiness depends, after all, on the man who is the father of your wife's child—the man who played for high stakes and—didn't win."

Lexington never once spoke to him. He listened, half-smilingly, with an arm around Georgia's waist, as if he knew the sight of his and Georgia's reconciliation was a keener blow than he could strike. And he was right.

When Vinny had done, he rung the call-bell on the table.

"Show the gentleman the door."

Then, when the balked, discomfited villain had left the room, left their life forever, and leave our story, Lexington drew his wife into his arms again, with a passionate ardor that thrilled her from head to foot.

"Georgia, darling—look in my eyes! let me see your sweet face as I have prayed to see it so often. Kiss me, dear one—wife! and with that kiss let us seal the grave of our past, and the vows for our future! And together we will join hearts and hands in finding your little Jessamine—the task you gave me, you remember, with the reward attached! Now, there is no grave between us; no grim ghost of suspicion—nothing—nothing! my darling! my wife!"

And so, through the man who had caused their misery, their great bliss came, never again to be destroyed.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

Kansas King: THE RED RIGHT HAND.

BY BUFFALO BILL (HON. WM. F. CODY),
AUTHOR OF "DEADLY EYE, THE UNKNOWN SCOUT," "THE PRAIRIE ROVER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV. THE MEETING IN THE CANYON.

WHEN Kansas King rode into the midst of his treacherous followers, he certainly would have been captured by them, in spite of his gallant resistance, had it not been for the diversion in his favor created by Red Hand's fatal shots, which laid two of the outlaws low.

A man of lightning thought and ready action, he did not stop to inquire into the cause of this move in his favor, or who had aided

him, but hurled back the dead man who had held his throat and, with a bound, was astride of his splendid steed and dashing down the glen.

His companions rapidly followed, but knew not what to do, for they felt that their chief would visit vengeance upon them, or even then might be ambushed ahead to shoot them down; while believing that they had been betrayed by Bad Burke, whom they really had little confidence in, they concluded they would run the lesser risk for their lives and shove out for the prairie once more, where they could turn their attention to other pursuits that would gain them a living, but whether an honest one or not they were not particular.

Being good frontiersmen they took their bearings and struck for the low lands in all haste; but as they were never seen again on the border, and the skeletons of three men and their horses were found upon the banks of the Niobrara river, a year after, it is to be surmised that a violent death rid the settlers of their unwholesome society.

To return to their chief; after his flight from the gulch he urged his horse rapidly on, convinced, by the absence of Bad Burke, that he it was who had plotted the attack against him for of late he had somewhat suspected the faith of his burly lieutenant.

Swearing vengeance against Bad Burke, if he should ever lay his hands upon him, or any of the treacherous crew who had entrapped him, Kansas King rode on at a sweeping gallop until mile after mile had been cast behind him, and his stronghold was not far away.

Fearing treachery there, also, upon the principle that a "burnt child dreads the fire," the chief determined to make a flank movement upon his camp, and approach it from the hills overhanging the vale where they were encamped, so that, in case his suspicions of danger to himself were aroused he could withdraw immediately and rapidly, and returning to the cabin of the Hermit Chief throw himself upon his protection, telling him frankly his men had turned traitors.

With this intention he changed his course, and turning into a narrow canon which he knew would lead him round toward the hills overhanging his camp, he urged his horse into a gallop, to suddenly rein him back upon his haunches with terrible force, for the sound of hoofs rapidly approaching through the gorge startled him.

Drawing his revolver, Kansas King sat quietly, waiting the coming stranger, whoever it might be, and an exclamation of delighted surprise broke from his lips as a steed dashed around the bend, bearing upon his back—a woman!

"Yes, a woman; nay, a young girl, for she was none other than Ruth Ramsey, who, quickly discovering an unlooked-for obstacle in her path, attempted to draw rein; but too late; her steed was a willful animal not easily checked, and ere she could come to a halt the outlaw leader spurred alongside of her, and his left hand grasped her bridle rein.

"Leo Randolph! You here?"

It was all the maiden could say, and across her face swept a deathly pallor.

"Yes, sweet Ruth, your lover of long years is delighted to behold you once more," said the chief, with a tone of irony in his voice.

"Yes, it was proven he was an outlaw—the leader of a wild and desperate band; men called him Kansas King because he ruled the border and none dare face him.

"Yes, all these things were proven, and—and—I found I had loved unworthily," and Ruth spoke half aloud, her eyes downcast, as though musing with the past.

"Ruth, all these things were told against me; yes, it was proven that I had been brought up by a fond mother who idolized her boy, yet upon whose life a stain rested, and hence the curse fell upon the son.

"That mother died, Ruth, and then came the news to her son that a brand rested upon his life.

"Was it any wonder, then, that he threw away the advantages bestowed upon him by his loving mother, and became a wild and reckless outlaw?"

"Oh, Ruth, you know not how I have suffered, and what a curse, a misery my life has been; and if you knew you would pity me—and pity begets love," his said—ay, you did love me once, Ruth," and the chief laid his hand softly upon the gloved hand of the maiden, who, quietly withdrawing, replied kindly:

"I thought I loved you once, Leo; but I knew not my heart; and yet your life has been different, and not a blot upon the earth, we might have been more to each other than lovers; but you have not forgotten that when my father exiled you from our home, and I told you I did not love you, you basely endeavored to carry me off."

"No, Ruth, I have not forgotten; but I loved you, and that must be my only excuse. I longed to have you with me, to have you my bride, and—forgive me, Ruth—I was mad enough to think that I might persuade you to become my wife."

"My consent never could have been won by force, Leo Randolph; but this is idle to stand and talk with you. Believe me, I feel for you in the evil career you have chosen, and—but I must hasten, for the night is coming on, and I was foolish to venture thus far from the fort," and Ruth attempted to ride on, but the outlaw chief still kept his hand firmly upon her rein, while he asked:

"How is it you are thus far from your camp, and alone?"

"I came out with my father and brother for a ride. They discovered traces of Indians near the fort, and rode on to investigate, telling me to return, for I was 'ro' half a mile away. I lost my road, and only just now discovered that my way back lay through this gulch," hastily said Ruth, and again she urged her horse forward, and yet the chief held him firmly in his strong grasp.

"Mr. Randolph, will you release my bridle-rein?" said Ruth, in a firm voice.

"Miss Ramsey, I will not—hold! hear me, and heed—you are in my power, and I am a desperate man."

"Go with me willingly; become my wife, and I will relinquish my evil life and live for you alone; refuse, and—"

"You plead in vain, Mr. Randolph; your evil life has already put out every spark of regard I ever felt for you."

"Again I ask you to release my rein."

"And again I say I will not; nay, more—if you will not be a willing bride, you shall be an unwilling one."

"God have mercy upon me," groaned poor Ruth, and she reeled as if about to fall from her saddle.

CHAPTER XXV. THE ANSWERED CRY.

THE moonlight that fell weirdly upon the haunted valley, and lighted up the sad scene enacted there, also cast its silvery radiance upon the mountain hut of the Hermit Chief.

Pacing to and fro in the moonlight, with quick, nervous tread, was Gray Chief, his brow dark and lips set stern and hard, for a few moments since the White Slayer and his chiefs had left after the council held there, and which had determined a deadly extermination of every pale face in the Black Hills—ay, all, for the proud Indian warrior, whose forefathers before him had ruled the destinies of this tribe, would not become the ally of outlaws, and plainly had he told the Hermit so.

"And Gray Chief had been pleased at the decision of White Slayer, for to him all white men were enemies, he said, and he desired that not only should the miners perish, but also the outlaws."

Then it was agreed between them that they should seem to agree to Kansas King's arrangement for an alliance, and by so doing disarm suspicion and get himself and men in their power, and then the Sioux warriors would fall upon them and not a man should escape—no, not one, swore the Hermit Chief.

Having thus disposed of their would-be allies, the Indians could arm themselves with the weapons taken from the outlaws, and then make war upon the two camps of the invaders, and they, too, should fall.

The old hermit chuckled gleefully as he laid his plans, and saw how eagerly the Indians agreed to them, and yet had he known that within the cabin window stood one who heard every arrangement made, and after learning all she could, arose from her crouching attitude and stole away, he would not have walked the ledge in the moonlight, gloating over his diabolical invention to rid the Black Hills of every pale face who had invaded their unknown fastnesses.

Yes, after parting with Red Hand, Pearl had returned home and learned from Vallejo that the chiefs were to assemble at once, and instantly had the maiden secreted herself in her room, and from her ambush learned their plans, after which she hurried away through the cavern, descended the hills to the Indian village, and quickly mounted a splendid horse which White Slayer had captured in battle and presented to her.

Like the wind she then rode through the valleys and over the hills, directing her course toward the Ramsey settlement, as she dared not take the lower canon leading to the fort of the miners.

At length she drew near the spot where she had been told the pale-faces were encamped, and was just turning into the narrow gulch leading to the stockade fort, when she heard a loud cry for help.

"Help! help! Oh, Heaven, save me!" again rung the cry, and in a woman's voice.

With the impulsiveness of her nature, Pearl was about to dash at once to the rescue, when there came the sound of coming hoofs, and the next instant, riding up the gulch, she beheld two steeds, bearing a man and a maiden, the former holding the latter firmly in his saddle, and at the same time grasping with his other hand the bridle rein of her horse.

They were Kansas King and Ruth Ramsey, and infuriated at her refusal of his love, the outlaw chief was bearing the maiden by force to his camp, in spite of her heartrending cries for help.

"Hold!"

The voice was that of a woman, and yet it had in it a stern and determined ring that brought the robber-chief and his captive to a sudden halt.

Before them, seated upon her horse, and with her rifle leveled at the broad breast of Kansas King, was Pearl, the Maid of the Hills.

And at the command Kansas King drew rein, and quickly said:

"Well, girl, what would you?"

"That you ride on and leave that maiden alone," firmly replied Pearl.

"Ha, ha! a stern command from such sweet lips; but, what if I refuse?"

"I will kill you!"

"Harsher still, my mountain beauty; but your aim may not be true, and—"

"One wave of my hand, Kansas King, and you may find out how true is my aim. Do you think the Pearl of the Hills a fool that she comes this far from her home unprotected?"

And the maiden spoke as though there were a hundred warriors at her back.

The outlaw chief glanced somewhat nervously around, and doubtless believing that the rocks and trees did conceal innumerable redskins, he said:

"You hold the winning card, fair Pearl of the Hills. I yield to the command of sweet lips, which yet I may punish for their unkind words, with a kiss."

"Ruth Ramsey, we will meet again."

"Fair maids, I bid you good-evening."

Then, with a muttered curse, Kansas King drove his spurs deep into the flanks of his steed and dashed away up the gulch at a mad speed.

Yet, ere the rattle of his steed's hoofs died away, there resounded through the canyon the heavy tramp of many feet, and in dismay, Ruth cried:

"Come; oh, come, for the Indians are coming."

Pearl listened an instant, and then said:

"No, those are not Indians, for I hear the iron ring against the rocks of pale-face horses; they are your friends."

Ere more could be said a long line of horsemen filed around a bend in the canyon, and they proved friendly or hostile, it was then too late to fly.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 215.)

THE LAST

BY "TRIX."

The last bright link is severed,
The last sweet hope has fled;
The last word has been spoken,
The old love lies quite dead.

The last sigh heaved in secret,
The last tear wiped away;
The last carousal given,
And we turn aside for aye.

The last look at a pictured face,
And the letters so often read;
And the clouds I heap on the grave are
Smiles.

Where my idol of clay lies dead.

Who Ruined Him?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A COOL autumn evening that made the ruddy glare of the big log fire in Farmer Danton's kitchen remarkably comfortable; dim star-shine outside that was less bright than the downcast demureness of Nellie Danton's blue eyes that were lifted occasionally in shy delight as she listened to the conversation between aunt Margaret and Phil Barry—handsome, curly-haired Phil, who was so different

from the rest of the country-side fellows, and who, this last summer had been able to make Nellie's cheeks flush and her heart beat many a time, with his low-spoken, ardent words.

Now, Nellie sat demurely by the kitchen table mending a diminutive hole in a soft damask napkin, and thinking it the one of the chiefest joys of her life to sit thus with Phil's low, musical voice coming to her ears—such a sweet, sweet voice, that had in it the elegant languor and self-assurance Nellie had often heard in the grand city folks who spent the Julys and Augusts in the otherwise quiet little village, and that contrasted sharply with aunt Margaret's clear, ringing tones that were the exact indices of her honest, old-fashioned self.

She was busy darning stockings—great, immense men's socks of home-knit gray yarn, and white lamb's wool for her own bony feet, and just this particular minute, had stretched over a yellow mock-orange, a tiny blue and white striped one, with delicate clocking at the sides, that could have fitted no girl in Seaview but dainty little Nellie, with her warm, blue eyes, and her wavy brown hair, and her well-shaped hands and arms, and her graceful, willowy figure.

Phil Barry would have nudged Nellie under the screening table cover at sight of that dainty hose, if it had been a month earlier instead of this frosty October night; but as it was, he didn't seem to be at all mischievously interested, and aunt Margaret folded it up with its mate into a neat ball and dropped it into the fast-filling basket on the floor.

"It seems to me I heard something about your going to New York, Philip. Is there any truth in it?"

Nellie's needle stuck into her little white finger, leaving a great, crimson drop, but beyond that she manifested no further surprise at aunt Margaret's news.

Phil leaned still more comfortably back against the red woolen cushions of the big rocking-chair, and stole a half uneasy, half defiant look at Nellie, whose head was bent over her work so that he could not even see the pallor on her cheeks.

"Well, Mrs. Danton, I think there is some truth in it. A miserable little place like this can afford no scope for such ambition as mine. You know yourself if I mean to succeed in my literary career I must go where literary work is in demand. I think I have decided to go to New York."

Mrs. Danton snapped her thread with her strong, white teeth.

"I haven't the smallest doubt that New York is the place for men who want to make a mark in the world, Philip. But the question is—are you a literary man?"

Phil caught an indignant, sympathetic glance from Nellie, who looked from his flushed face to Mrs. Danton's serene one.

"Why, aunt Margaret, you know Phil has written the most lovely poems for the Seaview Mariner! Of course he's a literary man."

Mrs. Danton smiled—not at all harshly or sarcastically.

"There is nothing like having faith in our friends, Nellie, and I'm sure I shall be as pleased as you when Phil comes out in boards." She reserved her opinion of his "lovely poems"—rhymes that certainly were pretty and correct and ringing, if not strikingly original and masterful and soulful.

Phil allowed his mustache to lift ever so slightly in a faint, constrained smile.

"Thank you, Mrs. Danton. Thank you, Nellie, for your belief in my ability. Other people who profess to know about such things, assure me I have only to go to New York to work myself in."

There was such a triumphant ring in his voice that Mrs. Danton knew all his hopes and aspirations and intentions the moment the words left his lips.

"Oh, you mean the Deverills, who have been at the Sea View House all summer."

Nellie's heart gave another deathly pang—she thought of Dell Deverill, the haughty-headed, aristocratic young lady who had singled Phil out for her admiration and escort more than once, or twice, or a dozen times.

"Yes—Mr. Deverill has engaged to interest himself for me, and Mrs. Deverill has kindly invited me to her receptions—her literary soirees, gotten up purposely for amateur talent. Miss Dell, too, is very thoughtful and interested about me."

It was as impossible for Phil to keep down the triumph in his voice as it was for Mrs. Danton to repress a smile of doubtful belief in the charitable intentions of the Deverills; as it was for Nellie to keep her fingers from trembling violently, and her hands growing icy cold.

Mrs. Danton rolled the last pair of stockings up, and looked over her glasses at the old-fashioned clock in the corner.

"I guess, Nellie, you can put by your mending for to-night. I'll go set the sponge."

Nellie folded her sewing slowly, and Phil watched her moodily, thinking what a lack of style there was in her compared to Dell Deverill, with her classic head and trailing dainties, and her city-bred airs; and wondering how to accomplish the errand he had come on, purposely—of bidding good-by to this little country girl, whom he had made love to, yet without ever having compromised himself by an actual offer. He caressed his thick mustache with his white hands—country-bred and country-reared though he was, he had all his life shirked work with sufficient success to keep his hands white and shapely—and built an air-castle of the days when he should be the pet and lion of New York society, where his handsome appearance, his wonderful talent would make him sought for far and wide, and where his position as Dell Deverill's betrothed would give added prestige.

Nellie's voice dispelled his delightful dreams.

"Phil, is it really true really true that you are going to leave Sea View?"

His conscience gave a terrible qualm as he met her questioning eyes, but he smiled with an indifferent nonchalance he flattered himself was the essence of successful acting.

"Really true, Nell. So true that I am expected at Mrs. Deverill's reception to-morrow afternoon. I came in to-night to say by-by."

Nellie was swallowing hard to keep down a dreadfully suff' cating ball in her throat.

"But, Phil, it is so—so sudden. When shall you come back?"

He saw he had to make a desperate plunge, and he made it.

"Come back! bless your heart, Nellie, do you think I ever could be content in this dead-and-alive place after once tasting life in New York?"

A whiter look came over the girl's face, he was so cruel, so cruel and hard, and after those whispered love words, and those kisses! Yet, because he never had said, "Nellie, you will be my little wife, one day," she had to sit and suffer, endure and—die if needs be!

He rose suddenly—that set, white countenance was stabbing him through and through.

"I must go, Nellie; I've a thousand things to do, if I want to be off in the ten-thirty to-morrow morning. Remember me to Mrs. D.

and your uncle, Nellie. Good-by—what a cold night for October! Don't stand in the door—you'll catch cold."

And as the garden gate latch clinked on his heels, Mrs. Danton came into the kitchen to find the girl sobbing with hopeless, bitterest agony, and a mighty fury sprung to her honest eyes, followed by such unspeakable tenderness as she laid her hand on the girl's bowed head.

"Nellie, Nellie, child, he's not worth it! Let him go to his fine city acquaintances if he wants to, and then he'll find out what I know now, that he's only a bundle of conceit and superficial gloss, Nellie, dear child—a year from to-day you'll agree with me that you never had a kinder fate than the one that seems so cruel now."

But—long after the midnight stars were sinking, long after the hush of early dawn was on the brown earth, for days and weeks Nellie grieved and mourned comfortless for Phil Barry's handsome, faithless face, and foolish, indiscriminate heart.

Such an intoxicating dream as it was—such perfect fulfillment of every anticipation in which he had ever indulged, and Philip Barry had come to think life was made entirely up of rambles through fragrant-odored aisles in dim-lighted conservatories, of mild, pulsing dance music, of bright-eyed women looking in his eyes, of only now and then an hour's easy writing, of perfectly fitting clothes, and faultless hotel fare.

He had come to the Deverills in the very nick of time—for the Deverills—and he thought for himself as well. He had come with several hundred dollars in his pocket, money his foolish, doting old father had toiled for and saved, that his handsome, gifted boy might have a send-off worthy of his talents—money that enabled him to dress as well as the richest, to board at the Saint Horan, to drive around to Gramercy Square in his coupe with footmen in livery.

He was sure he was handsome, he was capable of little bell-like rhymes dedicated to Miss D. H. Deverill, and Miss Dell and her family and their set took him "up," and courted him, and fêted him, and petted him, until it seemed there was nothing left for the gods to bestow—except the acceptance and publication of and payment for his manuscript volume of poems that Mr. Deverill had "seen" reached a publisher's hands.

It was all so fine—so perfect—from the menu at the St. Horan, to the tender little nothings Dell Deverill vouchsafed him as they strolled, arm in arm, through the fernery, or by the fountain, or lounged in the music-room, where the sunshine came through gorgeous stained glass windows.

All fair, and fine, and perfect—until—one day—he discovered to his horror that he was at the end of his purse that had seemed bottomless, when he discovered he was in debt at the hotel a sixth of what he had owned at first, when he found out his wardrobe was needing instant replenishing if he intended circulating in the exclusive society he had espoused—and when, worse than all, "Sweet Serenitas"—his famous poem collection—was returned to him branded boldly by some heartless reader as "not worth the paper it was written on," a perspiration of horror started on his forehead—it was a climax he had no more expected than that New York would be swallowed by an earthquake.

Moneyless, indebted, literally a failure—a stranger. No, not a stranger, never a stranger while Dell Deverill lived—bright-eyed, low-voiced Dell, who allowed him to retain her hand and press it softly, whose beautiful blue eyes had taken refuge behind her handkerchief, to hide the tears, when he had read, so thrillingly, his latest effort on her matchless loveliness.

His face lighted wonderfully as he remembered it; and he went on direct to the grand house on Gramercy Square, resolved to ask Dell Deverill if his love, his talents, his devotion would win him her, in place of the wealth and position he knew she had a right to expect, that she would grace so royally. He had it all fixed very neatly, as he was ushered into the grand darkened parlors—how he would lay his lyre at her feet, and devote his life to her happiness as they together wandered in the rosy paths of—

A distinct exclamation from the room above banished his flowing metaphors.

"Oh, dear! James, you can tell Mr. Barry I am not at home. I wonder if the fellow will ever see for himself we are all tired to death of him—as if any man with a grain of common sense wouldn't know he had sickened us all with his insane 'hearts' and 'darts,' and 'Dell' and 'bell.' It was Dell Deverill's sweet, clear, angry voice that came ringing down through the open register from the morning room directly over the parlor, where she and Clarence Tremaine were lounging in the pleasant warmth."

Barry heard a masculine voice reply in a tone, in language that rang him hotly.

"What could you expect better of such a har-brained genius? Dane and Bellington and the rest of the fellows have been laughing at him for the last week."

Barry was on his feet when the respectful servant entered, with face as impassive as a statue's.

"Miss Dell is—"

"There's no need of your lying, my man. Miss Dell is at home, and you can tell her for me that I am not quite such a fool as she takes me to be."

It was a bitter, bitter blow, but it was not all. At the Saint Horan, he was detained until he could pay his arrears of board, which was only accomplished by his sending back to Sea View—the "dead-and-alive" country place he had so despised, but to which he so naturally turned for succor, and from which relief came so promptly—but not from old Mrs. Barry, who could not have raised a dollar beyond that hard-earned, well-saved six hundred. Not from his father, but from farmer Danton and his wife, who came to the Saint Horan in a day or so after the sad news from Phil came, with full purses, and honest, thrifty faces, bringing Nellie, with her sweet, shy face into the room where Phil was a prisoner.

"Of course we couldn't see you suffer, boy—and yet, after all, it's more Nellie's doings than ours. She was coming to York after her wedding clothes, you see, against the 1st of January. I believe you and Harry Stewart settled on the 1st, didn't you, Nell? and she says to me when your father showed us the letter, 'Give Phil what one of my dresses would cost—would you, uncle John?' And so here's a hundred and fifty dollars from Nell, Phil, and she won't suffer for it, either."

That was the end of the romance to Philip Barry—indebtedness to the girl he had scorned; and—he took the money and paid his bill, and walked out of the hotel with curses in his heart—walked out on a career of loafing, of laziness, of recklessness, of sin—and God only knows where, and where, and how the career will end to which Dell Deverill's white fingers beckoned him.

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Sunshine Papers.

Buttons Off Your Shoes.

ARE there any off? Yes! Bad! bad! very bad, indeed! I'll tell you why. A young man—ah, you are interested now. I imagined I should gain your attention immediately; for as surely as the magnetic needle is attracted toward the pole, so surely is femininity attracted by masculinity, and—in a whisper he said—*vice versa*. That is just why I am going to talk to you about buttons off your shoes.

Such a digression! Your pardon, mademoiselle! To return. A young man, and he is as nice—and just a wee bit nicer—as the average good young men are, has asked me to pick him out a wife.

There! don't be excited over it! He isn't; in fact, he's quite cool. Besides, introductions are necessary.

He is fair and manly to look upon, has taken honors at college, has no great vices, is a professional man, with sunshiny skies before him, plenty of friends, promises for a brilliant future, and doesn't tell any more fibs than most lawyers.

About his wife. He does not care whether she be rich or poor. Isn't he marvelous! And her age; well, age is often such a delicate question with us belles, we'll leave that out. She must be pretty; but wouldn't you form an indignation meeting (righteous, of course) if it is hinted that any one of you failed to meet that requisition—and educated, and healthy, and possessed of Christian graces. These are his ideas of her. But, as I am to pick her out, I shall be ten times more fastidious. Men are such ignorant creatures, until enlightened by experience, concerning the "little things," which, after all, make up the sum total of a true, wifely, womanly woman.

I will not choose for him a girl who has buttons off her shoes!

I am aware experimentally that none of the buttoned shoes sold partake of angelic qualities. Even Job, model of patience that he was, would have been—no, I'll not assert it positively, never having been personally acquainted with the gentleman—might have been tried with them, if he had been a woman, and lived in an age of button shoes. The buttons do come off, sadly I acknowledge it. But there is no need of your ever wearing shoes from which any of those little articles are off duty. You can't help it, sometimes! Nonsense! a fib, you can!

It's only a moment's task to replace a button when it rips. Yet you finish fastening the boots and wear them down to breakfast with the buttons off! You go into the street with a button off! You can not spare the time to replace one, and wait until two or three are gone?

Then you are careless, procrastinative, unmethodical and untidy!

If buttons are off your boots, it is pretty safe to believe that what you wear under those boots have yawning apertures in them. You will wear suits before completion; put on clothes that are ripped, torn, and soiled; never know where needed articles can be found; and, as a wife and housekeeper, your own, your husband's, and your children's wardrobes will be continually dilapidated. You will be without system, or punctuality in your domestic arrangements; will have careless servants, a disorderly house, a cheerless home. And, as a result, the chances are—a discouraged, truant husband.

Ah! my friend must not marry you! Are you careful and thorough? When you buy new boots you will give each button a strong fastening before using them.

You do this? Then you will never wear unfinished garments; will try all strings, hooks and eyes, and buttons, when the clean clothes come up from the wash, putting stitches in unreliable ones; your housekeeping arrangements will be orderly; your duties fulfilled methodically; your servants superintended, and trained to cleanliness, tidiness, and economy.

Are you neat and punctual? When you are taking off, or putting on, your boots and a button rips and rolls away into a corner, or under the washstand, you will hunt it up and immediately replace it.

You do this? Then your husband will never wear buttonless shirts or ripped coats; he will find his handkerchief, slippers, and brushes in their places; will never be late to church, committee meeting or court, because dinner was not ready. There will be no dust on or under your bureau; no torn flounces to mend, when you are hurriedly dressing for a promenade; no silver missing; no dilapidated articles marring the beauty of your rooms. Your meals will be carefully prepared and properly served. Yours will be a genial, well-ordered, charming home.

And any one of you careful, thorough, neat, punctual girls, who never wear your boots with a button missing, my friend may marry.

A button off a shoe a trifling matter!—nay, it is an unfailing index of character.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

SPRING.

WHEN the spring time comes everything appears to wear a change and new life seems to be bestowed upon mankind and woman-kind.

The careful housekeeper goes about looking like some nondescript, armed with broom and mop, duster and dustpan, to luxuriate in that feminine weakness, "housecleaning"—the very name of which causes a frown to mantle the brow of the masculine head of the house as he contemplates the rack and ruin before him, the confusion of articles, the vision of cold dinners and the taking down of refractory stove-pipes, making any place better than home on such occasions. The voice throughout the land crieth, "goodness gracious, Maria, why cannot they clean house by machinery?"

And Maria exclaims, as you howl with pain, "You careless John, you've trod on a tack in your stocking feet," which was very kind in her to say, but you were quite aware of the fact.

The spring-time sends forth the great army of peddlers and agents who think you have been hoarding your money through the winter for the express purpose of letting them have it in the spring. What second-sight powers some of these nomads do possess, for they always know just what you want and they tell you so, for whoever would think of contradicting an agent who is supposed to have traveled so far and seen so much more of life than you have!

Circuses and menageries break out in the spring-time and the public has its curiosity aroused by gazing on the startling posters—fearful pictures of men in dens of lions feeding the denizens of the forest with raw meat dripping with blood, and we shiver in horror, only to find when the scene actually comes that it is a most tame affair to behold. The clown thinks that the long winter has erased from our memories the jokes and stories he uttered last year, so does not take the trouble to learn new ones. But, stale as they are, we laugh at them again and think Mr. Merryman a right-good fellow.

We long for spring that it may bring us a circus and menagerie. Yes, I go to the circus and I don't see why I need be ashamed to acknowledge it. I don't go because my little nephews and nieces attend and I merely to take care of them. I go because I want to, myself. So, now!

The farmer begins his work when the spring-time comes, and it is sometimes rather dirty work, but if it wasn't for this dirty work I don't know how we could live, for we are very dependent on agriculture, so we ought to bless the farmer and his labor.

Authors seem to breathe in fresh inspiration at this season and we all benefit by it in the shape of good reading. Nature seems to give them an impetus to strive to excel all their previous efforts.

Even Miss Drowsy seems to arouse from her lethargy enough to ask papa whether he will take her to Saratoga or Long Branch, and she will even walk down Broadway to show her new bonnet and dress, "when the spring-time comes, gentle Annie."

Everything seems to breathe forth new life; the trees blossom, the birds carol among the branches, the air is invigorating and rouses one's energy, windows are thrown open to let the pure air into the house, and it seems to be one universal time of rejoicing. But it makes us restless and we want to be off and away, to wander about the world. Some of us cannot do that, however, as the money is not forthcoming, so we must content ourselves where we are and thank Providence we are worse off.

The tired clerks and scholars know that vacation is not far away, and that prospect cheers them in their work and tasks. Trade revives and the clerks are oftentimes made to forget their weariness in their abundance of business. For the task seems not so hard in doing as it does in the thinking of doing it.

Cheerfulness reigns and people fairly bubble over with excitement. Anticipation of summer joys to come keep the heart young, and the foreshadowing of pleasures makes the appetite keener for them.

Let us throw off our sluggish sleep and rejoice while nature rejoices. Throw dull feelings and cares to the winds, or bury them deep in the cellar. Be busy; keep at your employment. Don't hurry. "Slow and sure" is Nature's motto; let it be ours as well.

Infuse life into your work. Have courage and faith.

If I have written in a somewhat jubilant strain I cannot help it. Spring has made me light-hearted and glad. From the bottom of my heart I say, "Thank God for the spring-time."

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Trials of a Postmaster.

To the Bosses of the Post-office Department:

GENTLEMEN: With this letter I beg to tender my resignation as postmaster of this town. I hope you will be good enough to allow me to feel resigned. Life is short. When I first took this office I was in the prime of life; existence was sweet to me; I had life enough to stock three or four men; my sky was cloudless; the sun lit my steps by day and the moon by night; the birds sang; the katydids chirped; I had an affection for even my poor relations on my wife's side; I wouldn't have traded myself off for any other six men in the country with any amount of boot—or shoe; care and anxiety fled far from me; the dogs didn't bark at me; victuals were soothed to my appetite; buttons and corns I had none, and I was afraid of nobody until there came an evil day when I accepted this position, and I have been going down-hill ever since at a bumping rate. My trials have been more than I can endure; I don't want to be postmaster so much. I want to repose; I would rather manage and drive a drove of untamed cats across the continent than to run a post-office. I have had to suffer the tortures of the big bass-drum at the Centennial.

If any money happened to be lost by mail I had to suffer the consequences of it, whether I had it or not. This has been a hard thing to bear, especially when a man is doing all he can to be honest, even going so far as to put himself often to personal inconvenience.

Have I not been requested four hundred times a day to put a stamp on letters, even where I had to furnish the spits, until I got so tired of licking stamps that I have had to resort to licking the asker, and stamping him until he was hardly liable to be classed as mail matter! That's what the matter.

Suppose I put a letter in the wrong box; the owner of that box has been looking for a letter for a long time; there's the letter he is expecting; his heart beats; there's millions in it; he takes it out; sees the mistake; then pours upon me such a vast amount of abuse that it would fill the mails for a week. Stand it! Certainly I have to stand it, for often he is as big as I am or larger.

Squiggles and hops come in and asks if there's a letter for him. No letter. He says there ought to be. I say certainly. He says I haven't looked. I say I'd surely recollect the name. He says look and see. I see he is ready to drop through the delivery like a letter and establish an extra mail route, so I look and tell him it is not there. He asks when it will come. I tell him it is on the road now and will be here in a day or two. He says he'll hold me responsible, and departs, leaving me in fears that he will.

An old Irishwoman calls and says she wants to buy a letter, laying down three cents. "Who do you want to buy a letter from?" says I. "From my son Patrick in Ireland," says she. "We haven't any on hand from him," says I. "The devil ye ain't!" says she. "And what is your name?" says I. "And what business of yours is it?" says she. "Not a bit," says I. "Can you tell me where there is an other post-office in town?" says she. "I can't," says I. "Then where is the nearest one?" says she. "Where a poor widdy has to reave a insult," says she, "and I'll do all I can," says she, "to get your customers to go to some other letter shop," says she, "as sure as my name is Biddy O'Flaherty," says she, and off she goes.

This isn't all. I have to stand and daily see many of my most intimate friends (and I am a tender-hearted man) go away with disappointment chalked all over their countenance, enlarged for the occasion. This in itself is too much, much too much. You see I am blamed for every letter that don't arrive, and they are sometimes a good many, and I have had all the patience that could animate or adorn a monument, but it is worn out at the elbows, and run down at the heel.

People hand in a letter and ask if I won't have the goodness to hurry right off and take it to its destination, perhaps Chicago, and go out, firmly under the belief that I will do it.

I have had people growl like everything because they got nothing in their boxes, and could only pacify them by giving them a box on the other side of the office, in expectation of its being a better location, with more chance of catching something. They have even insisted in getting possession of other people's boxes who get more letters than they do.

Men going away come and tell me not to let their wives have their mail while they are absent, and I can't see why they are so thoughtful.

When I haven't enough letters to go around I am placed in the most uncomfortable position, because everybody expects one, and in small families of nine every one will run in and inquire three times a day, and promise to call again.

I am constantly worn out by people coming in and wanting two stamps for five cents, and people have got to putting so much on postal cards, and writing it so fine, that it is a very sore task to my eyes to read half of them, and I am obliged to skip a good many. This isn't fair.

I have backed letters until I have broken my back; they have asked me to forward letters, which I have thought was a forward letter; they have even gone so far as to ask me to write them an answer. In vain have I tried to get behind a coat of mail to escape these annoyances, until I almost wish I was minister to England.

If the United States government can't get along without me being postmaster, it has got to let me look up and put "no admittance" on the door.

At the present rate I bid fair to exchange

this post for that other post illuminated by lamp, or else will seek repose down among the dead letters.

I have a notion to sell out at auction and quit the business, or go into respectable bankruptcy if my resignation is not accepted.

Your Post Mortum,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—A correspondent of an English paper advocating the protection of the crow, states that "that noisy crow in a cornfield, he opened their stomachs, expecting to find them full of grain. On the contrary, he discovered that they contained a large number of caterpillars, whose ravages on the crop were quite evident. In the Barbadoes, the negroes call the crow the 'blessing of God,' from the aid which it gives in destroying cockroaches. In this country the bird is slaughtered ruthlessly, where the law does not prohibit the disgraceful destruction. In New Jersey the law protects all insectivorous birds, but, notwithstanding this beneficent provision, many farmers and their boys will murder the crow at sight. It is a great pity some power could not be devised for putting a little sense in the heads of such people.

—There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only insures a happy childhood; if there is health and a good constitution—but it almost makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood. A true life is carefully dug, with plenty of fine, fibrous roots, safely packed (if they are to be shipped any distance) and carefully shielded from the sun and wind; after it is removed from the box or package, the roots dipped in a sort of paste made of soil and water, and if the ground is not in condition for immediate planting, "holed in," with care, so that the soil comes in contact with the roots, take my word for it, not one tree in fifty will die. Nothing is so conducive to the growth of a tree and protecting it from the drouth as mulching. Half-rotted manure, leaves, sawdust, or something similar, may be used, and should be at least six inches deep. A tree thus treated will stand almost any amount of drouth.

—Next to a male cow in a china shop the most interesting object to contemplate is a man in a dry-goods store waiting for his wife to get through with her shopping. Seeing her balance gracefully on one of the revolving stools at the counter, he essays the same feat, and only saves himself from sprawling on the floor by clutching at what he calls the "sideboard." Then he follows her to the next department, steps twice on her best silk dress, and falls over a small cash tray, almost grinding him to powder; then he tries to be unconcerned while his wife smiles sweetly on a good-looking clerk with his hair parted in the middle, but when she mildly suggests to him that he ask the elevator to the fourth story, and ask Miss Slawson, the dress-maker, which would look best on her new elegant centennial buckhorn—then he starts for the door, and makes better time getting home than ever O'Leary did. And now he has enough of shopping to satisfy him a lifetime, while his wife says she is thankful he knows what her trials are.

—One who has evidently made a very close study of General Grant's physiognomy and personal characteristics, has been observed to be projecting, and a zigzag line through it, running down between the gray eyes, betokens thought concentrated and intense. This line deepens each year. The eyes, looking straight out, apparently see nothing—they see everything. The nose, with its delicate curve, is that of a soldier; the mouth is tightly compressed above a square, firm chin, covered with a healthy growth of short, thick beard, and the contour of the whole is decided and agreeable. President Grant's head, with its dark, smooth hair, is in its position as a stalwart of revelation as his face. It is broad and even, the animal faculties not over-prominent, and it is well set on a shapely neck. He is a man of medium stature, fairly proportioned, and carries his body a trifle forward in walking.

—Coal oil will not explode on very slight provocation. The trouble is not in the oil itself, but in the gas which rises from it, and the oil is dangerous or safe in proportion to the amount of gas it gives off. There is a "fire test" standard for determining the relative safety of the illuminating oils offered in the market, and everything under one hundred and ten degrees fire test is considered unsafe. Three simple rules, if faithfully observed, will make coal oil as safe as gas. Buy from a merchant whom you can depend on for having the oil he sells properly tested, keep the oil in your lamp above the middle of the chamber designed for it. Then you can carry the lamp around the house, blow down the chimney, and do anything else you please with it; your only remaining chance of becoming a martyr to kerosene is to attempt to "help" the kitchen fire with it. That seldom fails.

—A Danbury man carried home four quarts of soft shell clams in an overcoat pocket. In the same pocket was a handful of loose tobacco. The clams, which had been kept in the overcoat, of course, but this was the first sample they had seen, and by the time the man reached home each clam had a nice quid comfortably rolled under its tongue. The clams were opened, and cooked, without the family noticing the filthy habit they had got into. They were served for breakfast, and were partly eaten. The Danbury man is now convinced that he must either find something other than a pocket to carry clams home in, or get a wide back-door.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future consideration. Unavailable MSS. promptly returned unless where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such returns.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. are available to us as well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases. Correspondents will find replies to queries in the paper issuing three weeks after receipt of the inquiry. To reply sooner is impossible.

We decline "The Flower of the Rhine;" "Boone on the Border;" "Cross Purposes;" "Going to the Fair;" "A Buggy Mishap;" "Saratoga Truism;" "Mollie Deane's Choice;" "A Game of Chess;" "Meeting on the Way;" "Accepted;" "Creole Cousin;" "Lina's Fortune;" "Love's Dilemma;" "Recompense;" "Hortation;" "Waiting;" "The Past;" "Jean;" "Courtship in the Rain;" "Silver Threads Among the Gold;" "Lula Marvin's Blight;" "Turning Down the Lights;" "Three Nights in One;" "The Sister's Ruse."

GEORGE THOMAS. We cannot supply numbers containing the stories called for.

INTERESTED READER. Blonde or golden hair often changes to brown. Nothing can stop the change.

J. H. W. The best method for making yourself limber is simply constant practice. That will do it.

H. W. G. All jobbers in jewelry will supply your needs. It probably can be had in St. Louis or Chicago.

AN AMERICAN. No way to go to the Naval Academy except to secure an appointment through your member of Congress.

L. E. M. Coarse hair cannot be made fine. It can, however, be kept soft. If it is dry keep it cut short, bathe the head frequently, then use, after each bath, a hair oil. It will grow out, and the hair will be fine.

HIRAM MOODY. Plant but two kinds of peas. We prefer the new "Alpha" variety for very early and second planting. With second planting put in also a planting of "Champion of England" the best of all peas for general crop. Put in third and fourth plantings of some—the plantings about two weeks apart.

MISS C. S. D. Nothing is made in starting the flower-garden too early. Flower-seeds need warmth of soil to germinate and grow. You can sow candy tuft, aster, alysium, mignonette, zinnia, larkspur, china-pink, Canterbury bells by April 25th if weather is propitious—for these are all rather hardy varieties; but May 1st to 10th is early enough for most seeds, even if the weather is warm.

ELLEN DOWNING. Right, O. See what is said above. We may add—don't put seeds in potted plants until about May 30th. The cold nights hurt them. Geraniums are all the better for some protection from the blazing sun-rays. The new double geraniums are not in general cultivation, and are a great improvement on the old single varieties. Slip the geraniums for cuttings for winter bearing in August.

MISS ADELPHI. Indicate a day for your friend to call when you are sure of no interruption. It is not agreeable when a gentleman calls at rare intervals to have others present than the one he especially wishes to see.

EARNEST writes: "When I went to see a lady the other evening she went and called her mother in to sit with us. What am I to understand by that? I've called several times, and she has never come much, but I don't know what she means. What she did. What is your advice?" You may have spoken or acted, in your previous visits, in such a manner as to have annoyed or surprised her, and her desire for her mother's presence showed that she no longer considered you a fit companion for herself alone. Or, she may have detected your admiration and kindly desired to put a check upon any hopes you may entertain, by gently depriving your visits of any flavor of personal attention. You can safely judge by her conduct, and more care, whether your visits are agreeable, or if she wishes to see them end.

MAX asks: "Will you please answer my questions? I have consulted several friends, but they are all of different opinions. I am engaged to a young lady; can I insist upon her keeping company only with me, and not allowing any other gentlemen to pay attention to her? When she goes to visit her friends, is it her place to write to me first? Or, if I have to write to her first, after she leaves on a visit? If the lady is your betrothed you can, certainly, insist that she should write to you first, and give distinctive attentions from other men; but you would not care to have all gentlemen look in polite attentions toward you, and she has a right to her friends and pleasant association with them, so long as such is in keeping with the fidelity she owes you. She should write first, if only a note, to inform you of her safe arrival, and then, if you wish, you need not stand strictly on etiquette regarding a matter that should be entirely one of affection."

P. P. S., New York, writes: "I am seventeen and have been troubled with pimples and black-heads for three years. I have tried several remedies, but they have done me no good. What can I do to cure them? Please do not throw this in the wastebasket, but answer." Diet yourself; eat only small quantities of meat, and use no fats, greasy cooked victuals, nor rich pastries and cakes. Let your food be plain and healthy, consisting largely of vegetables, fruits and grains. Take plenty of exercise, and live as much as possible in the open air, and shine, and do not be afraid of frequent bathing. Fresh air, cold water and sunshine are great purifiers and beautifiers. Every night, before retiring, wash your face with plenty of water and carbolic soap, and, after drying, rub in the skin some of this cosmetic: one ounce each of glycerine and rose-water, and twenty drops of carbolic acid.

MAUD, Iowa, says: "I have been acquainted with a young gentleman for a number of years, and for over a year we have been keeping steady company. I think a great deal of him, and have reason to think he does of me, and we have never told me so in words; and every time we separate lately he kisses me. Is it right for me to allow it, and if not how can I stop it without offending him?" Young ladies should not allow themselves to be seduced, relative or betrothed—to kiss them; but if the gentleman is to all intents your accepted lover, there is no harm done by his kissing you good-by. The only way to stop it is to acknowledge to him that you have transgressed the rules of propriety by allowing him to kiss you, and requesting him to cease doing so, which may lead him to a formal avowal of his hopes and intentions.

FAIR FLIRT says: "I have a hope of soon taking a trip to see a friend in the country, and would like ever so much to have a certain gentleman go with me part of the way, for company. Will it be proper for me to insinuate to him that I would like that, that his company would be very pleasant to me? If the gentleman is a very intimate friend it would not be amiss for me to say so. But if he is not perfectly agreeable and convenient for him to act as your escort upon the journey you propose making. But if the gentleman is only an ordinary acquaintance it would be rather odd to ask him to advance for you to let him know, in any way, that you desire his company so much. If the gentleman is neither a mere acquaintance nor a dear friend, you may simply speak of the propriety of your preference for having a traveling companion, leaving him quite free to make the most of, or overlook, the chance to accompany you."

D. W. R. P., Albany City, writes: "I come to you for advice. I am nineteen, and like the most young men, in love; and here is where my trouble comes in. The lady I am paying attention to is older than I am. She is twenty-five. My friends make fun of me for keeping company with her; but I only laugh and tell them if she was forty their talk would make no difference. Do you think that the difference in our ages is so great as to prevent us from becoming one? Never believe 'reports'—she may not be twenty-five; or she may look upon you as a mere boy and not intend to marry you. But if you are really deeply attached to each other, six years seniority need not be an insuperable barrier to your union, though it would be better were the greater age on your side. Generally such marriages are to be deprecated, and if you can give it up and devote your time to self-improvement—of which you stand in much need—until you are rather older, why so much the better for you."

REBECCA, Jacksonville, writes: "A gentleman has called on me regularly for eight months; but during all that time he has never asked me to go out with him once. No one has proposed to me, and you not think it is time he intimated to me whether or no his intentions are serious? And if they are, ought I not to show a little more gallantry by taking me out occasionally? And if his calls mean nothing, do you think he should continue them so regularly? What would you advise me to do about it? Perhaps the gentleman is not able, monetarily, to take you out to expensive places; but you are the right to invite him at any time to act as your escort to church, or the house of a friend, etc. If you have any reason to believe that the gentleman is just by way of amusement to himself, you would do well to arrange that they shall not be in the least personal calls. If you really believe he cares for you, a little well-timed coolness or acceptance of some slight attention from some other gentleman friend may hasten his proposal. But if he is a worthy gentleman you can afford to be patient yet a little while."

K. T. J. writes: "Being in a dilemma, and wanting advice, I thought I couldn't do better than to apply to you. For the past two years a young gentleman of my own age, whom I love truly, has been waiting on me, and a few weeks since made me an offer of marriage which I accepted. Since then, when he is not with me, I feel so wretched that I cannot bear to think about him; neither do I feel as though I could give him up. When he is with me I feel perfectly content. What would you advise me? What do you think the cause of this feeling? What is there against persons of the same age marrying? If you loved the gentleman truly as you affirm, you could not feel wretched at the thought of your engagement to him, unless you are conscious of some excellent reason why you should not marry him. Are you? Do you know anything against him? Any reason why he should not marry you? If not, continue to be 'perfectly content with him,' and when he isn't with you imagine he is, or do not think of him at all. Perhaps your wretchedness consists entirely in the fact that he is not always with you, and will only be so by the marriage service. There is nothing against persons of the same age marrying."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

"WHEN MYRA DIED."

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

"Hold me a little longer
Before the shadows fall."
Behind a bank of silver the flush-faced sun sets low,
While up the sweet green hillsides the ruddy farm-
boys go
To give the cows their call.
Shrill from between each pair of hills
The plaint of early whippoorwill
Is heard;
And from the ponds the peeping frogs
Send forth their notes, and from the bogs
The air is stirred.
Across the marsh the kilduck skim,
To rest amid some farm-yard fimb;
And while so swiftly winging
What mockery of singing!
Ah! if to-night their song were sad,
As song of wandering Galahad,
Who could wonder?
There is no sign upon the skies
Of aught but life and happiness;
For vails are spread across the eyes
To shut out death's deep mystic
And blind them to their near distress.
Yet this were best—ay, this were best,
Since it is Christ the Lord's behest.
The air is growing chillier,
And the homeward-driving miller
Down the road
Swings his good
With a sense of cold alarm
That 'tis time he reached the farm.
In that farmer's dingy kitchen
Sit two souls, "all alone."
Her little face is pressed to his—
His arm is round her thrown;
And both are God's together,
And each the other's own!
Her mother told me of it,
And her voice was like a knell.
"Hold me a little longer—
Yes, more I heard her tell;
Said she: 'There! that was all she spoke
Before the shadows fell!'"

The Men of '76.

ETHAN ALLEN.

The Green Mountain Patriot.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

ETHAN ALLEN was one of the "men of the times"—a plain, hard-working, roughly-educated farmer, transformed by the exigency of the situation into a leader of turbulent spirits. Several years before the Revolution, Allen and the "Green Mountain Boys" had more than a local fame. These called "War of the New Hampshire Grants" was aroused by the attempt of New York to extend its colonial and political authority over all the territory—therefore under the jurisdiction of New Hampshire—up to the west bank of the Connecticut river, north of the Massachusetts line. It brought forth such spirits as Ethan Allen and Seth Warner, who, acting as directors and leaders in the resistance to the New York "royal" officers and processes, were outlawed and banned and a price put upon their bodies. But no power existed to enforce their capture; most of the inhabitants of the region in dispute sympathized with and supported the leader of the "Boys," who rallied at his call, and his personal liberty was in but small danger. His so-called "lawless acts" continued up to the moment when all "royal" commissions and officers were repudiated. The name of Ethan Allen was so well known in Connecticut (where he was born, A. D. 1739), that when the blood of Lexington called for reprisal, and a few daring spirits proposed to at once wrest from Great Britain the fortress of Ticonderoga, in order to pave the way for a conquest of the Canadas, the projectors very naturally turned to Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys.

Allen was a "patriot," through and through. He had for a considerable time been an outspoken "liberty man," he not only talked for liberty but had written pamphlets, addressed to his fellow-citizens, in which he inculcated many of the sentiments afterward embodied in the immortal Declaration of Independence, respecting the rights of man to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Hence the Revolution found in him a zealous supporter—not one who believed in, or who wanted any "reconciliation" with king and ministry; and the mere suggestion to seize the king's great fortress on Lake Champlain—wrested from the French after so much suffering and bloodshed—was just the "overt act" which he believed would make reconciliation impossible.

The secrecy of this movement against Ticonderoga was well preserved. We are told that only eight days after the Lexington and Concord massacre, several members of the Connecticut Provincial Assembly on their individual responsibility borrowed one thousand dollars from the Province treasury, to defray the expense of a committee to proceed to the frontier towns and organize an expedition for the seizure of the fortress—this seizure having been suggested to them, a month before, by Samuel Adams, of Boston, and Dr. Joseph Warren. The blood spilled at Lexington hastened the project. The committee of organization started from Connecticut with sixteen men. At Pittsfield, Mass., they were joined by Col. Jas. Easton and others, and proceeded on to Bennington, on Lake Champlain, there to find in Ethan Allen the willing leader of the daring adventure. The expedition was quickly organized and rendezvoused at Castleton, where an election by the recruits made Allen first, Easton second, and Seth Warner third in command of a force not numbering two hundred men, wholly without cannon, and armed most unfittingly for an assault on a powerful fortification.

Divisions having been sent off to scour the lake for boats, the main body moved down to Orwell, opposite Ticonderoga. There Benedict Arnold came riding in, armed with a colonel's commission from the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, and bearing orders from it and Sam Adams to take charge of the expedition. But neither Allen nor his men cared for the commission or order; they welcomed Arnold as a recruit, and as such he embarked in the adventure.

The divisions having failed to come in with the boats, Allen dared not wait longer, if he crossed under cover of the darkness; so, using what transport they had, the crossing commenced—Allen, Arnold, and their guide to the fort (a lad named Nathan Beman), in the first boat. But when daylight was near at hand only eighty-three men were over. To wait for the rest was to hazard discovery. It was assault or retreat with the force at hand. Addressing the men, Allen said:

"Friends and fellow soldiers: you have, for a number of years past, been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you, and in person to conduct you through the wicket-gate, for we must, this morning, either quit our pretensions

to valor or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes. And, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any one contrary to his will. You that will undertake, voluntarily, poise your firelocks." Every musket or rifle was brought to a poise. Immediately Allen placed himself at the head of the center column, and the whole body started on a run up the high where the great fortress now rested in the deepest repose. Not a word was spoken. The gate was reached. It was closed, but the wicket was open, guarded by a single sentry. His surprise was complete. He snapped his gun and then ran up the covered way, followed by Allen and all his men, who, as they formed in a hollow square on the parade, sent up a wild Indian whoop—the first alarm the startled garrison had of an enemy's presence. The single sentry on guard before the quarters thrust his bayonet into one of the men, only to be stricken by Allen a stunning blow on the head—not to kill but to disarm him. Then, led by the boy Nathan, up a flight of steps to the commandant's room, Allen thundered at the door, calling to Captain Delaplace:

"Come out and surrender, or I will sacrifice the whole garrison."

Having been aroused by the hubbub below, the captain was then on his feet, with his clothes in his hand. Opening the door at once, he was met by a rough demand for his immediate surrender.

"By what authority?" he demanded.

"In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" was the astounding reply, while Allen swung aloft his sword, threateningly.

Delaplace had no alternative; he said, "I surrender," and forthwith ordered the garrison to parade without arms, but not until Allen's men had commenced making prisoners. One captain, one lieutenant, and forty-eight men constituted the garrison. The fort inventoried one hundred and twenty cannon, besides a fine store of small arms, ammunition, etc.

Warner having soon arrived with his scouts—the real "Green Mountain Boys"—was dispatched to secure the works and garrison at Crown Point, which he did the next day, adding eleven men and sixty-one good cannon to their "inventory." Then Arnold and Allen settled their differences by a kind of joint com-

mand, by which a descent on St. John was made, and all British domination on the lake was at an end, until the failure of the expedition against Canada, that winter and the next spring, not only lost the northern provinces to the cause of the Revolution, but once more opened the path for British invasion by the easy way of Lake Champlain.

Allen's exploit of course made a great sensation from Maine to Georgia. It was not only a daring stroke with important military results, but, politically, it most seriously affected the cause. A vast body of the people still hoped and worked for reconciliation with the king and ministry, but this act seemed, at a blow, to make reconciliation impossible. It was not "in defense of our rights" but aggressive and offensive; it meant war; it gave the "patriots" much of the needed material of war, and served to inspire the people with confidence in their own courage and ability to cope with their powerful master.

Allen reported in person to Philadelphia and was accorded the honor of a public reception on the floor of the Continental Congress, and on his return a similar honor was accorded by the Massachusetts Assembly. "In the name of the Continental Congress and the Great Jehovah" was the password to ovation everywhere.

The idea of a conquest of Canada was one of the first military necessities of the Revolution. Congress therefore organized an expedition that fall to proceed against Montreal and Quebec—Generals Schuyler and Montgomery in command. This expedition Allen was invited to join as a volunteer, and did so, taking upon himself the important and dangerous service of "agent" to press on in advance and reconcile the people to the invasion, which he was to reassure the inhabitants was for their liberation. He was, in fact, a spy, and, as such, made two tours. The last, by way of the river St. Lawrence, then along the St. Lawrence, was not by Montgomery's advice, turned into an expedition for the capture of Montreal. Allen, with one hundred and ten men, (eighty of whom were Canadians), was to cross the St. Lawrence north of the city, and Major Brown, with two hundred men, was to cross to the southern side of the city; then a simultaneous assault, it was thought, would carry the place by surprise.

Allen succeeded in getting his men over, by the morning of the 25th of September, but Brown was not up to his engagement. The alarm spread and General Carlton turning upon Allen gave him a severe welcome. Allen's Canadians deserted, and with his handful of plucky fellows he tried to retreat, but was finally corralled by the British and Indians and compelled to surrender.

Allen was treated very cruelly by General Prescott, who, finding that he had the hero of Ticonderoga in his hands, seemed anxious to mortify and degrade him and his men. He was handcuffed and leg-chained; then thrust into a vessel hold and sent to Quebec; and thence to Great Britain, suffering greatly by his brutal usage and the small quarters assigned to thirty-four prisoners. The record of that voyage stands as a lasting disgrace to the British name. In Great Britain, however, he was treated with the consideration due a brave soldier and honorable man. He arrived at Falmouth a few days before Christmas, but was transferred to a frigate of war to prevent being taken out of imprisonment by the process of *habeas corpus*. The frigate ran for Cork harbor, and there the generous Irish took every pains to properly clothe and feed the prisoners on the frigate. From Cork the frigate finally sailed (February 12th) for America, with the fleet, and May 3d the ship dropped anchor in Cape Fear harbor, North Carolina. There the prisoners were transferred to another vessel and sent to Halifax, touching at New York on the way, and all were again treated with scandalous severity.

After imprisonment in the jail at Halifax he was returned to New York, (in October, 1776), and released on parole, in the city. There he witnessed the dreadful suffering of Americans taken at the battle of Long Island. Over two thousand perished by the brutal cruelty of their captors. Not until early in May, 1778, was he finally exchanged. He then made his way to Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge. Washington gave him a very handsome welcome, and Allen's health being much impaired, he started for home, reaching Bennington May 31st (1778), to the glad surprise of everybody. Guns were fired and the sturdy patriot given a general welcome.

Allen did not again enter the army. The old "war of the grants" being renewed, by reason of the asserted independency of the new State of Vermont, that State was deeply excited for several years over the rival claims of New Hampshire, New York and Massachusetts for jurisdiction, and a condition almost of civil war prevailed, which Congress failed to settle. Allen, as commander-in-chief of the militia, was the guiding spirit of the movement for independency. He was, during this time,

"DEAR MR. HARLEY: I write in haste. I learn that you have sent for one Tom Worth, a miner. If you value your daughter's safety, and long for a retributive justice, when he comes, see to it that he does not leave your house before eleven o'clock. In one word, he is the villain, after all I am myself, from certain circumstances recently transpiring, satisfied that he planned the abduction of your sweet daughter. Again I beg you to keep him until eleven o'clock, when I will arrive, with officers."

"Truly and sympathizingly yours,
FAIRLEIGH SOMERVILLE."

The reader will now, doubtless, understand the vengeful glance old Richard Harley had cast at his rough-looking visitor, and will likewise know why the ex-merchant consulted the clock-dial so nervously. For it must be remembered that the interview was at an end, and Tom Worth had risen for the third time to his feet, to go.

When the bell had sounded, and the hall was filled with a body of men, old Mr. Harley sprung to his feet, and facing Tom Worth, exclaimed, as he shook his finger menacingly in his face:

"Wait, villain! you are wanted!"

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the miner, as a scowl passed over his face. He glanced around him. But he could say no more, nor take a step in any direction, even were he so inclined; for, at that moment, the door of the library was opened, and a squad of police officers appeared. Among them, in the background, stood Fairleigh Somerville, his face showing a strange admixture of triumph and fear.

Tom Worth's face paled slightly at the sight of the officers, and a flash of appreciation—a right understanding of the situation of affairs, flitted like lightning over his face. Then there came a quick, angry writhing of that face. This, however, was transitory, and an iron-like composure succeeded it as his gaze sought Fairleigh Somerville's face.

"That is the man, there, my men," said that young gentleman, in a distinct, though rather nervous voice.

"You are my prisoner, Tom Worth!" said one of the officers, advancing at once toward the miner, and laying his hand heavily upon his shoulder. "I arrest you in the name of the Commonwealth!"

"Arrest me! for what?" demanded the miner, calmly, of the officer.

"For the abduction and forcible detention

As they reached a prison-van which was in waiting, at the street gate, the policeman turned and said:

"Mr. Somerville, you are expected to be at the alderman's office, in Penn street, this afternoon, at four o'clock."

He was about directing Tom to get into the van, when the prisoner asked:

"Will you allow me, sir, to go over to my cabin, to get a few necessary things to serve me in jail?"

"Certainly, my man," replied the officer, promptly, "but I hardly think it will be as bad as that. From what I have heard of you, I am sure you have a friend who will bail you."

"No, sir; I must go to jail; I do not wish bail. I will go to jail and await justice; it will come, some day."

The policeman said no more; but when Tom Worth had entered the disreputable van, he entered also, having first directed the driver to go over the river to Tom's cabin, as the prisoner had requested.

The news of Tom Worth's arrest, for the abduction of Miss Grace Harley, spread like wildfire through Pittsburgh. It was duly announced in the afternoon papers, and various were the comments made upon the news. Among Tom's acquaintances, the miners, the excitement was intense. He was widely and well known, not only in his own mine—the Black Diamond—but in many others, among the Coal Hills, and his arrest fell upon them with a stunning force.

It were difficult to tell the effect of these woeful tidings on old Ben Walford. When the old man first heard it he was deep down in one of the levels of the mine. A miner who had heard the news at the shaft came by and told him. The old man paused as if shot, and a terrible shudder crept over him.

Before he had recovered himself, and before he could ask any questions, the man had passed on.

There was an iron rigidity about old Ben's face, as, without another word to his wondering companions, the old man turned off. As he pursued his way swiftly through the dark, underground "streets" toward the shaft, he muttered:

"'Tis false! 'tis false! My boy is no scoundrel, and young Somerville is—He is at the bottom of this, I know. I'll not doubt my boy—never!"

He reached the shaft, and signaling for the bucket, was soon on the outside world again. The old man at once sought out Mr. Hayhurst, the overseer.

That gentleman had just read the news in the paper, and was sitting now, with brooding countenance, gazing vacantly at his feet.

"Bad news, Ben!—that of Tom—and 'tis hard to believe. But, then, it comes straight. You know young Somerville—"

"Is a scoundrel, Mr. Hayhurst!" blurted old Ben, right out.

"Not so loud, Ben, or you may get into trouble."

"I hope, Mr. Hayhurst, you don't believe the story?" said old Ben, almost fiercely.

"I don't know what to believe, Ben," said Mr. Hayhurst, "but I'll tell you one thing: Tom has always been a good fellow, and he shall have justice!"

"Thank you, thank you kindly, Mr. Hayhurst. Yes! he shall have justice!"

"Meet me this afternoon, Ben, at the alderman's office. At all events, I'll see that the poor fellow, guilty or not guilty, does not go to jail."

"God bless you, Mr. Hayhurst, for your kind heart! And, depend upon it, I'll be there!"

It may be readily imagined that the alderman's little office was packed. It was known all over the city that a preliminary examination of the prisoner would be held there at four o'clock; and as the case, from its very flagrancy, excited much interest, and created great indignation, everybody seemed anxious to be present, and see the man, so humble in life, so well spoken of heretofore, who had been accused as the bold perpetrator of this crime upon law and society.

Hence, long before the hour for the examination, the scene in front of the alderman's office was an animated one. Merchants and miners, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls—all swelled the crowd—each doing his or her best to perform what was almost an impossibility—to squeeze into the little room, already so full that suffocation of all hands was imminent.

At length the prison van appeared. In a few minutes it forced its way through the crowd and drew up at the alderman's office.

The assembly swayed to and fro, but was suddenly hushed to almost absolute silence, as the prisoner, clad in the same coarse garments in which he had visited the splendid mansion of Richard Harley, Esq., and carrying a bundle under his arm, descended quietly from the van; and, preceded and followed by an officer, entered the office.

As he did so, a stentorian voice in the surging crowd shouted aloud:

"I am here, Tom, and will never desert you!"

The poor miner gave a quick, grateful glance around, and saw the powerful form of old Ben Walford performing deeds worthy of Hercules in his mighty endeavors to get closer to him.

And then Tom Worth stood before the alderman.

CHAPTER XII.

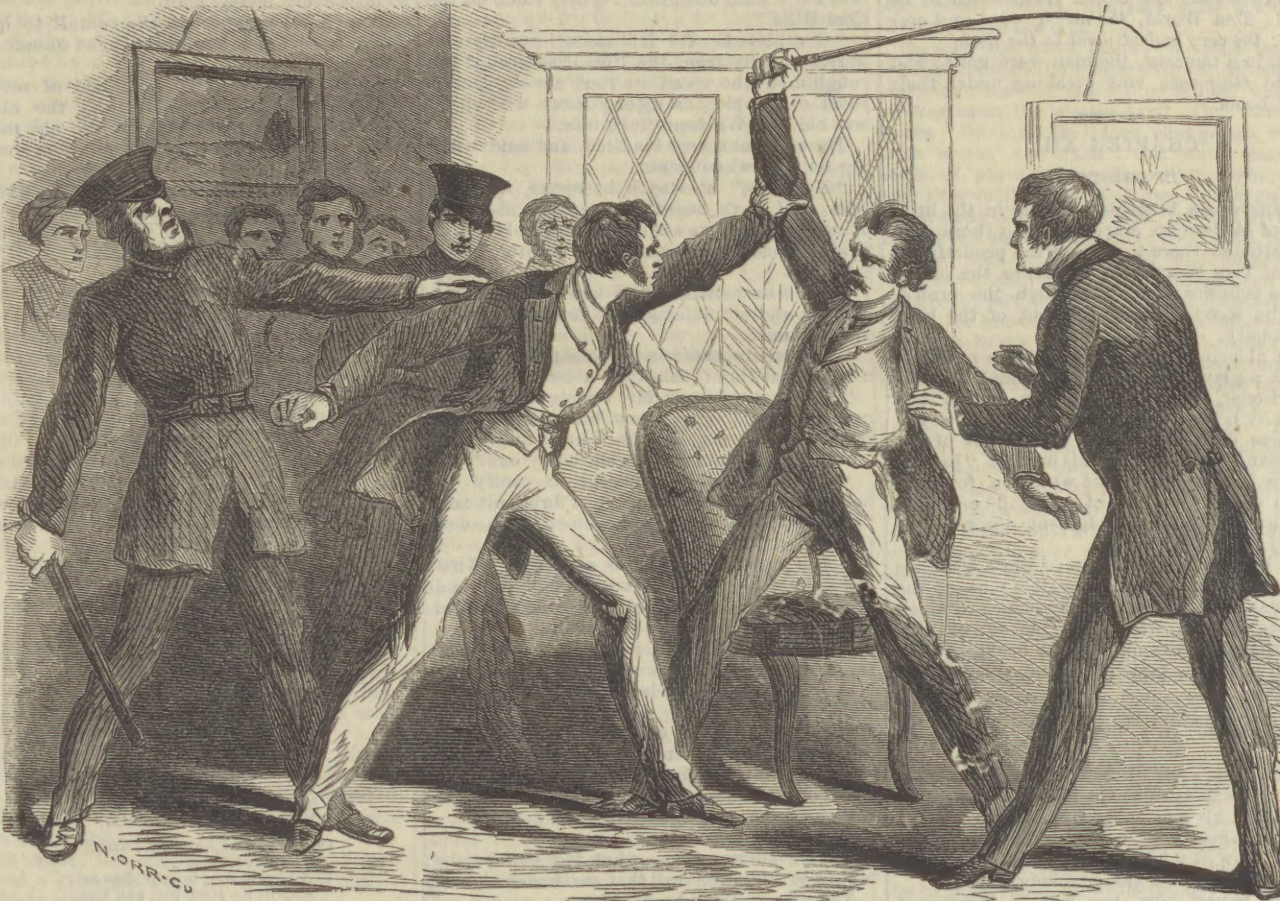
THE MEETING IN THE SHINLEY.

OPPOSITE East Common, by Christ church—the commons and their extensions now known as the Alleghany Parks—and to the right of Nunery Hill, as you go up Union avenue, is a collection of small, squalid tenement-houses, extending for a considerable distance, and called by the general title of the Shinley Property.

As every city, town and hamlet has a disreputable quarter, so is the Shinley Property the disreputable quarter of Pittsburgh's most charming suburb—Alleghany City. For years this property has borne the name by which it is now known; and in the local annals of Alleghany City it has become quite notorious in many respects, which we need not particularize.

Suffice it to say, that those who should know state very emphatically that it were difficult to find a place in any other city of the United States, or of the world, which could, in looseness of life—in the utter depths of infamy—rival the dens and haunts of the wicked and abandoned in the Shinley Property of Alleghany City.

By respectable people there are some parts of this diseased and vice-infected quarter which are shunned, even under the glare of the noon-day sun; and after nightfall they would as soon think of wading the Ohio, with impunity, as to pass through the *purlieus* and lanes of the Shinley Property. In mildest language, it was a *bad* place, and it may per-



He turned quickly, and striding toward the prisoner, raised a whip.

from her home, of Miss Grace Harley," was the prompt reply.

"And upon what grounds, sir? Who is my accuser?"

"On very suspicious grounds, which will be given in evidence, but which can not be detailed here. Mr. Fairleigh Somerville is your accuser," and the officer pointed to that individual, who seemed to be endeavoring to shrink away from sight.

The miner glanced at the man, and while a hot flush passed over his face, said:

"Then Mr. Somerville is a coward and a falsifier, as well as a villain!"

Fairleigh Somerville, as his saturnine visage was suddenly distorted with anger, turned quickly, and striding toward the prisoner, raised a whip which he carried in his hand, threateningly over the other's shoulders.

Before the lash descended, however, Tom Worth, with the bound of a lion, sprung forward, shaking off the grasp of the officer. In his left hand, and drawing back his right, till the huge muscles of his arm swelled and struggled under his sleeve, he said:

"Dare lay the weight of your smallest finger upon me, you white-livered scoundrel, and I'll throttle you in the very face of the law!"

Tembling in every limb, Somerville let go the whip, and retreated hastily behind the police sergeant, who had now stepped forward.

"Enough, enough of this, Tom Worth, or you'll condemn yourself," said the officer, sternly.

"Away with the villain! Away with him!" exclaimed old Mr. Harley, his face white with passion. "Such impudence in my house!"

"Come, Tom," said the officer, "follow me; give me no trouble or I'll have to handcuff you!"

An expression of pain passed over the miner's face, as he stepped forward obediently by the officer's side.

"Handcuff him? Of course you will!" said Somerville, in a hissing voice. "I demand it!"

"You can demand nothing of me, Mr. Somerville," returned the tall policeman, firmly. "The prisoner is in my custody; I am responsible for his safe-keeping, not you. Besides, I know Tom Worth, and am acquainted with his character for honesty and truthfulness. Come, Tom, follow me."

Somerville bit his lips in very rage, at the cutting words of the officer, but said nothing.

Tom Worth, shaking with a convulsive shudder, stood close behind the officer—who, beckoning his men to follow him, pushed rudely by old Harley and Somerville, standing by the door, and left the house.

The Masked Miner:

OR,
THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF PITTSBURGH.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER.

AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD,"

CHAPTER XI.

THE STROKE.

The letter which old Richard Harley had received that morning when he talked with Tom Worth, the miner, in his rich library, was brief, but it was startling in import. It ran thus:

haps deserve the title, that has been bestowed upon it, of a moral fester.

Be all that as it may, it is into this place we must ask the reader to follow us on the night succeeding the abduction of Grace Harley—the same on which, earlier in the evening, Fairleigh Somerville had visited old Ben, the miner, in his cabin on the mountain.

This night, about an hour after midnight, two men were to be seen picking their way cautiously along the narrow street which lay next to Nunnery Hill. They proceeded but a short distance, when they turned suddenly into a small, dark alley—so narrow that they could not walk abreast singly, but were compelled to go sideways, one after the other. Emerging, however, very soon from the further end of the gloomy passage, they entered a court, and approached a flight of rickety stairs, leading, outside, up to the second story staging of a low brick house.

The men rapidly ascended to the staging without looking behind them. In a few moments they were on the staging.

"Make the signal, Teddy," said one of the men, softly.

The man addressed put his hands to his mouth, and created a low, flute-like sound or whistle.

A moment only elapsed when, apparently from the rear steps of the old house, an answer, low and guarded, was returned.

Without waiting, the man called Teddy pushed open the door, and entered a dark room beyond, saying:

"'Tis all right, Lounce; the boss is here, and we'll get our money! Come!" and both men disappeared within, closing and securing the door behind them.

For a moment they groped around, and finally paused before another door within. On this they gave a peculiar rap. The door was opened at once, and a flood of brilliant light shone forth, illuminating the gloomy depths of the antechamber with a splendor almost startling.

The men at once entered, hat in hand; and then the door closed, as if of its own accord, behind them.

Seated at a table in the comfortable, well-furnished apartment, was a very tall but slender man. A heavy beard of dark hair covered all the lower portion of his face; a slouched hat was drawn well over his eyes, obscuring the upper portion of his face. An overcoat of thick stuff hung loosely around his person, and reached to his feet.

The man's hands were gloved, and over his left shoulder, on the back, was an immense, disfiguring lump.

He was, as the reader well knows, the same mysterious person whom we have seen on a previous occasion, in the old house, on Boyd's Hill—though, if the truth be told, not much of a hump could then be seen—certainly not enough to be noticeable.

In front of the man was a large cut-glass decanter, and several costly goblets. The odor coming from the unstopped decanter proclaimed it to be brandy. To his right hand lay a heavy revolving pistol, and by it a large porte-voix.

The man laid down a pencil and pushed aside a scrap of paper, as the two men entered. He had evidently been making notes.

"Here at last, are you?" he exclaimed, in a half-sarcastic tone.

"We are ahead of time, Mr. — boss," said the man Teddy, suddenly, as he saw a quick sign of warning from the other.

"Yes, and you always are when you expect money, but not when I want you," continued the man seated by the table, as if determined to find fault.

One of the men seemed inclined to retort, but a glance from his companion restrained him.

"We need money very much, boss, for we have children, you know. Besides, that we—"

"Confound your children, and you, too! Don't prate to me about them!"

An angry flush flew over the man's dark face, and he dug his nails into the palms of his hands; but he kept back the fierce reply that had already sprung to his lips. And then he said very quietly, almost gently:

"Yes, yes, boss; but our little ones are very dear to us, and we, though rough and unfortunate men, hate mightily to hear the little things cry for bread."

Was it that the brute in the long overcoat was softened, that he glanced at the man quickly? or was it that he noticed the poor fellow's emphasis? At all events, he did not pursue the subject further, but contented himself with saying, simply:

"Bosh!"

Till this time the men had been standing; but, at a sign from him, who was evidently their master—in the strongest sense of that word—they seated themselves on a sofa near the table.

Several moments passed in silence—the man who sat by the table paying no heed to the common-looking fellows on the sofa, but looking up at the ceiling and pulling meditatively at his long whiskers. At length, however, he glanced down and said, as if all at once wide-awake:

"Come, Lounce; come, you and Teddy, and take a drink—something good. It will warm you up this raw night, and do you no harm," and he drew the decanter near to him, and poured out a large draught in each of the two tumblers.

The man named Lounce came at once, and approached the table, but the other hesitated and kept his seat.

"Why don't you come, Teddy? I know you love liquor. Ah! You think I will poison you! Ha! Ha! No, indeed! I can not spare you yet, Teddy, and I would not poison you in such good stuff as this! Come, man; here, pour out for yourself, and I will drink the four ounces already in the goblet as a guaranty of good faith." So saying, he took the glass, and tossed off the burning liquor at a gulp, and without a grimace, down his throat.

Teddy waited no longer; he arose at once, and pouring out a large drink, drank it at a swallow, saying, at the same time:

"No, no, boss; I wasn't afraid to trust you; but you see, I can't stand much liquor."

"All right," replied the other; "but the less you take the less you can bear," and the tall man laughed, as if he had said something witty. "But, now to business," he continued. "Sit down and tell me what you have heard to-day."

"We have both heard news," replied the man Teddy, his face brightening, as the strong brandy draught through his frame.

"And what is it, Teddy?"

"Why, sir, it's all over Alleghany and Pittsburgh, too, that old Harley's daughter has been taken off somewhere and by somebody. But nobody knows much about it."

"You don't say so! This is news! And who was the somebody?—Did you hear?"

"Why, sir, 'tis not positive, you know; but, sir, they say it was a fellow called Tom Worth, a miner in the Black Diamond."

"Glorious!" exclaimed the other. "And so Tom Worth did this daring deed?"

"Yes, sir; so 'tis said; and everybody believes it."

"Yes, Teddy, and 'tis very well that everybody should believe it," said the master, significantly, "and you and Lounce know why?"

"Of course we do; and you needn't tell us," said the man, somewhat suddenly and rudely. The brandy had evidently crazed him.

The man in the long overcoat reached out his hand suddenly, and grasped the pistol.

"None of your impudence, Teddy," he said, in a deep, stern voice, "or, by heavens, I'll shoot you through the head!"

"Shoot me, would you? Shoot, I say! That's better than to believing the dog's life I now lead! And I such a slave to you, on account of a single cart-load of coal I stole from the mine—stole it to keep my poor wife warm—stole it to keep life and soul together in my dying child! Shoot, shoot! but remember I am ready!" and he drew a pistol from his bosom. "And the day may be near at hand when your crimes—"

He did not finish the sentence, for the tall man, suddenly springing over the table, felled him to the floor at one blow with the butt of his pistol. And then, glaring like a tiger, he stood over his fallen foe.

The man called Lounce drew near.

"Do not kill him, boss; he is drunk, and he has a wife and children. And, boss, he is of service to you. I'll sober him."

As he spoke he dragged the man into the adjoining room. Coming back, he filled a bucket with cold water, and returning drenched the senseless wretch with dash after dash of the chilling bath.

The man shivered, recovered his senses, arose to his feet, and staggering back into the room, fell on his knees before him who had punished him, and said, humbly:

"Pardon me, boss—forgive me! Liquor crazes me. I will still serve you."

"'Tis well, Teddy. And I will trust you; but, mark me well, do not tempt me again. I'll keep your pistol. Now, here, take your money; and you, too, Lounce, and be off! You will find fifty dollars in each roll. 'Tis good pay, but the job was well done, and I am not stingy. Now begone, for 'tis very late!"

The men received their money, and turned toward the door. As the light fell on the man's face—the one called Lounce—there he stood! *Tom Worth, the miner over and over again, the very embodiment in the flesh!*

But, in a moment, the men were gone; and the old stair-case was creaking under their heavy boots.

CHAPTER XIII. IN THE DOCK.

THERE was a breathless silence in the little office of Alderman March, among those who had gathered there to witness the preliminary trial of Tom Worth, the miner, as the officer led the prisoner straight through the crowd, until he stood directly in front of the legal functionary.

The alderman did not hesitate a moment; he cast a glance at the tall, slender form of the prisoner, who stood so boldly, yet so deferentially before him. Then he looked away.

It was difficult to read that glance of the alderman. And even in this humble "limb of the law," there were those watching for signs of evil or good; of a heart—of a prejudice mind, or of an open, honest judgment, according to the evidence and the law.

Old Ben Walford was one of those who thus scrutinized the almost impassable face of the alderman, and he saw that the glance to which we have referred, was kindly, and the old man knew that the alderman, in his heart, sympathized with the prisoner. And the old man was glad.

"What is your name, my man?" the alderman asked, in a kind tone, of the prisoner.

Casting his eyes aloft, for a moment, as if thinking away back in the past, with a bitter smile lifted his mustached lip, he said:

"My name, your honor! Why everybody should know it now! It is Tom Worth, your honor; heretofore a name reckoned honest."

"And honest now, my boy, or there's not one in Pittsburgh!" exclaimed Old Ben, who, by prodigies of wriggling, Herculean feats of strength, and considerable display of strategy, had worked his way close behind his unfortunate friend.

The alderman's face was, for a moment, wrinkled with a frown of displeasure, but it quickly cleared up. Leaning over his desk, he said, in a mild though decided tone:

"Make no further interruptions here, or you shall be removed from the room," and he shook his finger half threateningly, half warningly, at the bold speaker.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, your honor. I couldn't help it, sir, for—well, sir, I'll not again offend your honor. Only, sir, let me stay near my poor boy, there!"

The old man spoke so honestly, so entirely from the depths of his great heart, that the alderman, simply making a sign of assent, bent his head very closely over the transcript before him again.

And in that "boy's" eye, in a moment, there stood unbidden one large salt tear.

A most impressive silence followed this little episode.

The alderman looked up again, and addressing the prisoner, said:

"I shall propound to you a few questions, Tom Worth, to which you may, or may not answer, as it suits you. I am not doing my duty when I tell you to answer nothing when that answer may criminate you."

"Thank you, your honor; I appreciate your kindness, sir," said the prisoner.

"Do you swear or affirm?"

"Swear, sir," was the prompt reply.

The alderman took a Testament from the table and held it toward him.

"Take off your hat, prisoner, and place your right hand upon this book."

"Surely, your honor," suddenly and rudely exclaimed young Somerville, pushing forward, "surely, sir, you are not intending to allow a prisoner to testify in his own behalf!"

"Be silent, sir!" said the alderman, sternly. "I am the judge of my own conduct, and shall interpret the law myself."

With a withering look, and not condescending to say another word, the alderman turned from Somerville, and administered the required oath to the prisoner.

There was a disposition to applaud this action among those assembled there, for, do what they could, and as prejudiced as many were against the prisoner, they were compelled to admire that lofty, athletic form—that splendid, labor-tanned face of the miner. But the alderman quickly stopped any such demonstration.

Fairleigh Somerville glanced covertly and viciously around at the crowd, and his nervousness at the close of his swarthy mustache.

"Now, prisoner, please answer as I ask. Where do you work, my man?"

"In the 'Black Diamond' coal mine, your honor," was the prompt response.

"How long have you worked there?"

"Sixteen months, sir,"

The alderman paused.

"Were you on the Mount Washington road on Tuesday night—the night of the abduction?"

"I was, your honor."

"Then tell what you heard, saw and did there?"

"Yes, sir. It was about eight o'clock—perhaps not so late. I had been climbing the hill, and being tired, had seated myself by the roadside, away up on the top of the cliff. I suddenly heard carriage-wheels approaching at a rapid pace. Soon the carriage came in sight; and just then I heard some one halloo from the carriage. In an instant two tall, heavy fellows started from the roadside, and dashed upon the vehicle." He paused for a moment, and glanced suddenly at Somerville; but he continued:

"A fracas ensued, in the course of which the man who drove the carriage was either thrown or fell from his seat. The horses took fright at once, and darted toward the edge of the road, directly for the brink of the precipice. I then sprung forward and stopped the horses, sir, and, sir, saw that a lady was in the vehicle; and that lady was Miss Grace Harley. And then—sir—that's all." He paused, as he stammered and hesitated at these last words.

There was a hum of voices in the crowd as the plain, straightforward narrative ceased.

"How came you to know Miss Harley, prisoner?" asked the alderman, suddenly.

The torrent of rich red blood that leaped into the miner's sooty, begrimed face, was almost fearful, and every one, not excepting Somerville, noticed it keenly. In fact, Fairleigh Somerville glanced viciously at him, as he saw that painful blushing; and he muttered a deep oath to himself, and shook his head.

"Why, sir, your honor, 'tis not for the like of me—the God knows I try to be an honest man—to be acquainted with such a person as Miss Grace Harley! But then, sir, I have often seen her on the drives with her father. More than that, your honor, she once came down on a visit into our mine; I saw her then. And I have a wonderful memory of faces. Again, your honor, Miss Harley is a friend to the poor man, and her sweet face has shed a bright light into more than one miner's lonely cabin on the Coal Hills."

"God bless her for it!" came instantly and unreservedly from the lips of several of the rough men who stood in that closely-packed room. Conspicuous among those who spoke was old Ben Walford, the miner.

The alderman bent his head, and said nothing for several moments.

"Yes, yes," at length he spoke, in a low tone. "I have heard the same, and—why, of course, you have seen the young lady. But, again: whose carriage was it in which she sat?"

"Mr. Somerville's, sir; I know it well," and he gave another quick glance toward the individual named.

"Did you recognize any other person on the road at that time?" asked the alderman.

"Yes, your honor; Mr. Somerville. As I ran up to the buggy, I saw him, to the rear, rising to his knees. Besides, I knew his voice."

"Did Mr. Somerville speak to any one?"

"I heard him endeavoring to pacify his horses. I also heard him in a brief altercation with the assailants, who stood by the carriage."

"And now, a question or so more. What were you doing on the Mount Washington road at that hour?" and the alderman looked him straight in the face.

The prisoner started perceptibly, and hesitated.

A cold, anticipatory leer came to the face of Fairleigh Somerville, as he pushed himself still further from the ring of spectators pressing and crowding around the prisoner. He narrowly watched Tom Worth's face.

"You heard my question, prisoner?" asked the alderman, a little impatiently.

"Yes, yes, your honor; I heard it."

"Well answer then: what led you to the Mount Washington road that particular night?"

The prisoner still hesitated.

"Speak!" said the alderman, authoritatively.

"I was there, sir, on—on business," was the stalling answer.

"And that business—what was it?"

Again no response from the prisoner. The alderman repeated the question.

"I cannot tell you, sir, now. I was on business; but, your honor, I cannot speak of it now, for I am not wholly satisfied myself. I must know that I am right before my lips shall be opened."

As he spoke these incomprehensible words, as glanced for the third time at Fairleigh Somerville, over whose face a livid pallor spread, as he listened to Tom Worth's singular utterances. And he felt, too, the searching gliter that flashed from the miner's large blue eyes. He drew lightly back, but with a front of assumed coldness, said, harshly:

"I beg that your honor will insist that the prisoner shall tell his business on the road on Tuesday night."

"Again I say to you, Mr. Somerville, be silent; and be warned now, in time, to keep your suggestions to yourself," the alderman turned again toward Tom Worth, and said:

"I understand you, then, to decline to answer that question, prisoner? Of course you can so decline, if you feel disposed."

"I decline to answer the question now, your honor, though the day may come when I shall demand that I may reply to it," was the singular response.

"What mean you, prisoner?" asked the alderman.

A pin might have been heard to fall as all anxiously awaited the prisoner's answer. But Tom Worth's face was calm and imperturbable, as he quietly replied:

"With all deference, your honor, I decline to answer that question also."

The alderman looked chagrined, but he could say nothing in opposition. After a pause, he asked:

"Does your cabin lay in the direction of the Mount Washington road—I mean, toward the scene of the abduction?"

"No, sir," was the prompt answer.

A triumphant look shone from Fairleigh Somerville's eyes as he hearkened to the question and the answer.

"One more question, Tom Worth, and I will be done with you. Did you return to your cabin after the events on the road?"

The prisoner hesitated a moment, and then said, distinctly:

"I did not, sir."

"Then—and this question is suggested by the other—where did you go?"

Tom Worth faltered not a moment, but answered:

"I decline to respond, your honor."

The alderman looked vexed, and from the

saturnine countenances in the assembly it was evident that the miner's case was not so bright as it was a few moments before. Even old Ben endeavored to struggle nearer his friend; but failing in the effort, he said, in a loud whisper of admonition:

"Tell his honor, my boy! Tell him, and don't be ashamed!"

But Tom Worth paid no heed to this injunction.

Again the alderman shook his finger—this time very threateningly—toward the old miner.

"I confess, prisoner," he said, "that your failure to reply to the two questions last asked you—the only two which could go toward clearing you, so far as your own testimony is concerned—weakens your case, and I am sorry for it. That will do."

As he spoke, a low murmur went up from the crowded room. But the tumult was quickly hushed, as the alderman, glancing over the written slip of paper lying before him, said:

"Is Benjamin Walford present?" and he glanced around him.

"Me, me, your honor? Yes, sir; here I am, and I am not ashamed of my name; but I can tell you, I know nothing against that poor boy!" and, as the way was made for him, the old man, hat in hand, his long gray hair falling over his shoulders, came forward.

"That remains to be seen, my good man," said the alderman, quietly. "Do you swear or affirm?"

"I'll do what Tom did, your honor," said the old man, innocently and trustingly, "for, sir, Tom isn't the man to do anything wrong; he's been tried, your honor."

There was something noble, lofty, in the devotion and faith of the old miner—something truly grand in his firm, unbending friendship, and it told measurably on the crowd.

As for that "boy" of old Ben's—he, the athletic six-footer, of towering stature and brawny frame—he bowed his head slowly on his breast, and wiped away the big tears that filled his eyes; and then, as the old miner kissed the Testament with an audible smack, he reared himself to his fullest height, and said, as if in an irrepressible moment:

"It will be all right, Ben! Trust to God, and it will be all right!"

"Yes!" thundered the old man, now almost wild with enthusiasm; "I know it, Tom! and so does every honest man!"

It took some time for the tumult to quiet down, for old Ben was now almost unmanageable.

At last, however, with the aid of several policemen, hastily summoned by the alderman, quiet was restored, and the old miner stood ready to answer what questions might be asked him.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 818.)

LOVE'S BLOSSOMS.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

The germ of love lies hidden
In every human heart,
But cannot grow unbidden
To be of life a part.

So in my heart that treasure
In darkness slumbering lay,
Till was kindled into passion
Like flowers at break of day.

Affection's sunbeams glowing
Arose and wakened love,
Made heartstrings quiver o'erflowing,
In ecstasy to move.

Thine eyes so loving, tender,
Upon my heart did shine,
An bloom'd a gleam of splendor
I saw love's flower divine.

I nourished it with care,
The hope 'twould prove a blessing
Has always been my prayer.

And though perhaps I never
Thee of this blossom told,
Twill bloom and grow forever
While life the heart can hold.

I love thy pious yearning
That graces maidenhood:
I love thee for thy learning,
I love, for thou art good.

O'er wealth I have no power,
No riches I can give;
But love is manhood's dower
And in its strength can live.

And if a sister blossom
Has opened petals white
Within thy maiden bosom,
Oh, keep it not from sight.

Nor let it wither, smother
Within thy breast alone,
But place it by another
On which love's light has shone.

That they at last in blending
Shall breathe the air of same air,
And live in love unending
Through joy or sorrow's care.

Tien like a dream revealing
Its vision to the eye,
The years shall glide as stealing
Leave us no care or sigh.

A True Knight:

OR,
TRUST HER NOT.

BY MARGARET LEICESTER.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

BARTHOLOMEW and his fairy companion paced in the bright train through the spacious salons of Signora Carlotta Del Cielo, and

the murmurs of admiration followed the distinguished genius and his radiant charge. He heard, and smiled, well pleased. And then, drifted into the Signora's fine conservatory, but, unlike the rest, they did not drift out again; for Colia stopped to bury her face in a bank of English pansies, and looking up from them with tears glittering in her eyes, cried faintly:

"*Helas! mon ami*—dear friend, if I should leave thee—should I—wouldst thou think of thy poor Colia tenderly?"

"Dear girl!" exclaimed Mr. Verne, quite startled; "what should make you think of death! You, my bright Bird of Paradise!"

He led her to a velvet seat and took his place beside her. She shook away her tears, laughing.

"Does your cabin lay in the direction of the Mount Washington road—I mean, toward the scene of the abduction?"

"No, sir," was the prompt answer.

A triumphant look shone from Fairleigh Somerville's eyes as he hearkened to the question and the answer.

"One more question, Tom Worth, and I will be done with you. Did you return to your cabin after the events on the road?"

The prisoner hesitated a moment, and then said, distinctly:

"I did not, sir."

"

love from her who has risked so much to save you from sorrow and shame. Conduct me to the dressing-room and don't leave me with that insolent there."

She put her delicate glove tips upon the thunderstruck poet's arm, and with as much haughtiness as if she was six feet in height, she sailed from the room, followed as closely as her grand train would permit, by her unwelcome attendant.

In the dressing-room they found Maiblume in a state of dense bewilderment, who, frigidly ignoring Mr. Stanley's presence, received Coila in her arms, whispering tremulously:

"Do you think Mr. Wylie can have brought bad news of—of George?"

"Scarcely," said the little lady, writhing away from her. "But wait, my sister; you shall soon hear your Coila belied. Meanwhile a still tongue is the best."

They drove away together in Mr. Verne's carriage, the messenger on the box beside the coachman. A servant led them to one of the smaller parlors where they found two gentlemen patiently awaiting their appearance. These were no other than our old acquaintance, Mr. Falcon, the solicitor, and Mr. Wylie, the artist.

As the others clustered round these gentlemen, Coila's dark eyes traveled about the room and fixed themselves suspiciously upon the closed folding-doors which separated the next parlor from this.

She approached with rapid and noiseless step and was about to sweep them apart, when Wylie's long fingers closed on hers like a steel trap.

"Pray don't leave us, dear Miss De Vouse," said he, his malicious eyes rolling in ecstasy. "I'll take off your wraps myself if you'll only consent to stay."

They all turned and looked at him with astonishment, as he led her, quiet and unresisting, to a sofa at the other end of the room, and took an arm-chair close beside her.

Mr. Falcon kept smiling affably, but in the meanwhile his piercing eyes were taking in every item of her appearance.

The ladies threw aside their wraps in silence—Mr. Verne and Mr. Stanley standing by perfectly nonplused.

When all were seated, Mr. Falcon alone standing in an obsequious attitude, and preface his remarks with a deprecatory little bow and cough, he said:

"This is rather a disagreeable business, ladies and gentlemen, but the best way is to get through with it as quickly as possible. I am the lawyer who drew up the late Mrs. Stanley's will; Mr. Stanley will remember how surprised I was at its disappearance. I knew by the contents that the late Mrs. Stanley could not have destroyed it herself, and, in fact, I vowed that I would find out the mystery if it took me ten years to do it. I never was so affronted in my life," said Mr. Falcon, casting a look of meek reproach upon Mr. Stanley, "as when my word was doubted and I couldn't prove it true. I kept worrying my head about that affair, but couldn't neglect my business to follow it up. At last I thought of Wylie here, an old chum of mine, who had spoiled the best detective ever born with eagle's eyes, by turning artist, and as I knew he was ordered by his physicians to idle about for a year, and that he had an uncommon relish for solving a mystery, I went to him and just told him all about it, and he promised to run the thing down by way of wholesome pastime and to oblige an old friend. This, ladies and gentlemen, is all I've got to do with the business. Wylie will now tell his experience."

Mr. Falcon retired modestly to a chair which he placed directly in front of the folding-doors, nodding and smiling to his obliging friend to proceed.

Before he had opened his mouth, Coila's white face, encircled by an aureole of glinting and glittering gems, bent closer to his, while her little hand stole into his.

"Monsieur," muttered she, in a voice inaudible to all the others, "you do not break your word to me, do you? There are still two days."

"All right!" drawled he, in his usual distinct tones; "I ain't the one to betray the innocent."

She sunk back, closing her eyes.

"My story may be interesting," began he, glancing toward the group across the apartment with more of respectful seriousness than he had ever yet shown, "but I dare say it won't be an agreeable one for all parties. We must take the good with the bad, however, and be thankful that guilt has such a trick of peeping out from under its veil, however cleverly drawn around it. Having got hold of Falcon's case, the first thing I did was to look up the pre-histories of all parties concerned. To be candid, Mr. Stanley was the one Falcon and I were most apt to suspect of having destroyed the will, for he was the only one who seemed to have a motive, and his life I took the liberty of sifting pretty thoroughly. My dear sir, don't be affronted; you'll thank me afterward that I did so. Finding nothing to go on in that direction, I did the same by Mr. George Laurie, and discovered such a character as—Jerusalem! But that don't come in here."

Stanley cast a quick glance toward Mr. Verne, a smile of triumph wreathing his thin lip, but the author only lowered his eyes filled with anxious pain. Maiblume, perhaps seeing for the first time the cause of her presence being required, rose unsteadily, and creeping to her father, took refuge behind his chair, her face bowed down on its tall back.

Mr. Wylie's eyes glistened; he emitted a sniff pregnant with unimagined significance and resumed his narrative:

"Finding nothing to the purpose on that tack either, I went red to put my sacrilegious finger into one of the ladies' pies—in fact, to furnish myself with the charming biography of Mademoiselle Coila De Vouse."

Stanley scowled like a thunder cloud, and striding across the room took his place by Coila's side.

"Take care, sir," said he; "you're on dangerous ground!"

"All right!" drawled Mr. Wylie; "I'll get over it as fast as possible."

Coila turned to Stanley with a look of angelic suffering and patience.

"Let him speak!" sighed she. "He will ruin poor Coila, with all she holds dear on earth, but he cannot rob her of the sweet thought that she has sacrificed herself for love of them!"

"From certain suspicious trifles in her life with Mrs. Stanley," said Mr. Wylie, chuckling and pressing his palms together as if he held between them some very precious secret; "I thought it best to take a trip to France to pursue my inquiries. At first I went on a wild-goose chase to the Pension at St. Omer, where Miss De Vouse claimed to have got her education, but the sisters assured me they had never had a pupil of that name there, nor could they recognize her photograph—a very excellent one, by Sarony, which I had taken the liberty

of abstracting from the late Mrs. Stanley's album. I was certainly stumped there; and wandered about among the Paris photographers for some weeks without the smallest success. One day I saw an advertisement in a paper which set me thinking in a new track. It was by one of those cheap who profess to make people over again—that is, to turn out from his establishment a fair young creature of sixteen who entered a grizzly griffin of fifty. The French women are so desperately afraid of old age—and no wonder, for they make about the homeliest old witches you could see out of a mummy's case—that these artistic establishments are much patronized, and really turn out very good work. I took the trouble to post myself in the thing, and, having paid my char-woman, a perfect Medusa, to consent to the transformation, I took her to Monsieur Gorget and had her operated upon in my presence. Well, he gave her a new face, new neck, new arms, and the loveliest crop of black curls I ever saw; he filled out her sunken cheeks; he put in the teeth she wanted; he gave her glossy, arched eyebrows—hers were red, and coarse as a cocoanut's fiber—he painted out her parchment hide by painting on a porcelain complexion with delicate veins that would have deceived the very Old Boy; as to her neck and arms, actual skeletons in their way, since mere paint could not fatten them, he covered them over with air-inflated rubber of the finest texture, which so exquisitely imitated real warm flesh that even by the touch you could not detect the fraud. All this was done for the moderate sum of five hundred francs! My char-woman returned home with me such a Venus that her own children did not recognize her, and, like any other princess of supernatural beauty, she was terribly inconvenient to her transformation, until I found a place for her in a glove bazaar, where she attracted all the gentlemen, and is now doing a flourishing business. After this experiment, instead of haunting the photographers' galleries, I haunted the establishments devoted to this branch of art, and diligently showing my picture of Mademoiselle De Vouse, had the benefit of at last meeting the potent genies whose wand had given her the charms you now see and admire."

At this point a half shriek broke from Coila; there was a swish of rent satin and a flash of lurid drapery, as, with clenched hand, she struck him in the face.

"Wretch! Thou liest! Thou liest!" cried she, wildly. "Messieurs, I'm insulted! Do you stand by and see me insulted?"—turning to the others in passionate appeal. "Oh, misere, what black conspiracy is this! Will no one stab this base bound to the heart?"

No one moved; horror and amazement sat upon every face but the lawyer's and the artist's; they only interchanged a grin of malicious triumph.

"Sit down, madam," said Stanley, in a strange voice; "let us hear the end of this men's tale."

She put a sudden forced constraint upon herself; she approached him, her hands out, her most dependent, her most seductive manner in full play.

"Save me, Monsieur Paul!" said she, in thrilling tones. "You who have won my promise to be your wife, protect me from these insults; upon your chivalry I cast myself, monsieur. I shall not plead my helplessness in vain, I know."

She dropped before him, white and sweet, her toilette of brilliant dyes and glancing gems, only bringing out her pathetic manner and trembling helplessness in strong relief. She had appealed to the man's chivalry, and his chivalry awoke at her word.

He rose, drew her hand through his arm and haughtily faced the rest.

"Mademoiselle De Vouse has indeed promised to be my wife, and under these circumstances I refuse to allow Mr. Wylie to utter another syllable to her discredit."

Mr. Verne, who had involuntarily started forward with a confused idea of comforting and protecting her in her distress, stopped in stupefaction, his hands to his temples, looking from one to the other.

Maiblume, too, lifting her bending figure, flashed a keen glance of dawning mistrust at the little scene.

Mr. Falcon broke the silence:

"I believe I had the honor of telling Mr. Stanley in the outset that this affair could not be agreeable to all parties concerned; and I hope he will allow us to proceed with the disclosure of the imposition which has been practiced upon himself and Mr. Verne, especially when he learns that it is indissolubly connected with the late Mrs. Stanley's secret, and with the disappearance of her will."

Stanley flushed darkly, then grew ashy pale. He looked at Coila in a sort of fascination—irresolution in his shrinking eye.

She made one mad effort to assert her power; she put her small illy hands upon his shoulder, and leaning there, with dainty forehead almost touching his lips, moaned:

"If you give me up, Paul, I die at your feet! *Tenez garde!*"

He disengaged himself; he took her by the chilly finger tips and repeated her:

"I have a right to hear this story," said he, in a voice that struck like death to her heart.

"If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear."

She covered down, and crossing her arms on her knees, rested her ghastly face upon them.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 213.)

WATCHING.

BY BARTON GREY.

He loitered up through the meadow,
His foot in the trailing swath;
He stopped where the keen scythe's blade had
passed,
And plucked the aftermath.
And oh, love! and oh, love!
And what shall my sad heart say?
What bold prayer breathe by night, love,
It durst not breathe by day?

She sat by the open window,
Looking unto the west;
And the sun went down, and the stars came up
Beyond the gray hill's crest.
And oh, love! and oh, love!
And when will his footsteps fall?
The stars are empty and barren, love,
But God is over all!

A step on the garden walk,
A shadow under the stars,
And the moon's first gleam slides sudden
through
The twilight's jealous bars.
And oh, love! and oh, love!
And open, I live, to me!
My heart is knocking at thy door,
Ah, lift the latch and see!

A Sioux Squaw's Devotion.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

TWENTY years ago, no name was more popular, or better known—if we except Kit Carson—along the western frontier, than that of

Cross Eagle. I have heard "old stagers" dwell upon his exploits by the hour, and if all they averred was the truth, then Cross Eagle must have been no ordinary man. Still, allowing for exaggeration, there is little doubt but that Cross Eagle was a brave, daring man, perfectly trained in the arts of savage warfare, a master of his weapons, insensible to personal danger. It is the closing chapter of his life that I transcribe here, only promising that the story is well authenticated, and may be taken as truthful.

Cross Eagle, as his Sioux allies named him, was a Swede who had spent three-fourths of his life among the Blackfeet, Cheyennes, and Sioux, he being captured by a band of Cheyennes when he was but little over ten years of age. The lad exhibited a courage unusual in one so young, and fought side by side with his father, who was a teamster belonging to the train, shooting down at least one warrior in the final charge. A chief noticed this, and took the lad prisoner, resolved to adopt him as a son. This he did; for a dozen years the Swede—who had forgotten his own name—lived with the Cheyennes, but then ran away and joined the Blackfeet. He soon led a war party against the Sioux, when his ferocious daring gained from that tribe the name of Cross Eagle, by which he was known until the day of his death. Though long a partisan leader, Cross Eagle was never known to lift hand against those of his own color—his hand was never stained with white blood.

A strange incident led to his leaving the Blackfeet and joining hands with his old enemies, the Sioux. This occurred during a raid of the Blackfeet, after hours and scalps into that section of country claimed by Wahpootah, or Red Leaf, the Sioux. The Blackfeet, with their characteristic contempt for the "cut-throats," boldly charged upon Red Leaf's village in open day. Their forces nearly equal, the Sioux fought bravely, though somewhat hampered by their women and children.

Among the foremost charged Cross Eagle, together with his brother "Dog-soldiers." As he cut down a stalwart Sioux, Cross Eagle heard a shrill shriek, and saw the blood-dripping tomahawk of a Blackfoot overhanging the head of a squaw, whose beauty, despite the fact that terror distorted her features, made a strange impression upon the heart of the Swede.

He shouted for the brave to hold his hand, and spurred forward. The Blackfoot, possibly mistaking his meaning, drew back his hand to deal the fatal blow. Cross Eagle clutched at his arm, forgetting the knife that hung to his wrist. His fingers slipped and his hand struck with full force upon the knife hilt, driving the sharp-pointed blade to the very hilt in the Blackfoot's breast. With a wild death-yell, the savage dropped from the saddle.

But his yell was heard, and unfortunately the fallen brave was one of the Dog-soldiers, each of whom has sworn faithfully to avenge the death of their brothers. It mattered nothing that Cross Eagle was one of the band. From that instant he was a doomed man.

Uttering their rallying cry, the Dog-soldiers charged upon the Swede, who saw that no mercy awaited him. One glance at the still kneeling Sioux squaw decided his course. He raised his voice, but now it filled the air with the Sioux war-cry, instead of the Blackfoot. And, bending his bow, he shot down two of the leading Dog-soldiers in rapid succession. This act saved his life from Red Leaf, who had recognized the voice of his favorite squaw, and was rushing to her aid. As the bow-string twanged sharply, his blood-stained tomahawk was raised above the head of Cross Eagle. But he withheld his hand when he saw that Cross Eagle was fighting his battle.

It was a long, desperate, and bloody contest, and no brave distinguished himself more highly than did Cross Eagle, who now fought side by side with Red Leaf. Enough that the Sioux were the victors, and, instead of shearing, the Blackfeet returned home shorn.

Cross Eagle was formally adopted into the Sioux tribe, but his chagrin was great when he discovered that the squaw, for whom he had dared so much, was the wife of Red Leaf. For nearly a year he worked earnestly, none the less because he knew that secret wishes of the Swedes, or the "Singer," were with him to collect a store of horses, goods and arms, with which he hoped to buy his love from Red Leaf. Yet it was only to have his offer rudely scorned, though the amount he offered would have bought any other ten squaws in the tribe. Red Leaf was no common Indian, and really loved his wife.

Had Cross Eagle succeeded, nothing would have been thought of the "business transaction," but as he failed, Red Leaf called a council and "pulled the wires" so successfully that Cross Eagle was declared no true Sioux, and ordered to depart, under penalty of death if ever caught in their territory afterward.

This was hard lines, but he had sense enough to know that it would only make bad worse to kick against the pricks. So he mounted his war horse—it had been confiscated with the rest of his property, but Red Leaf did not think it politic to press him too heavily, and so Cross Eagle rode out of the Sioux village, not once casting a glance toward the lodge door where a pair of bright black eyes were sorrowfully watching him.

Cross Eagle struck up into the Foot Hills, where he cached for a couple of weeks, knowing that he could effect nothing so long as the village would be jealously watched. Yet he never once swerved from the purpose he had in view. His foot upon the trail, he would never turn back until his object was accomplished. And he had sworn that Dowansa should be his wife, even though he had to steal her from the very arms of her chief.

He knew, too, that Dowansa would be watching for him, since he had whispered this vow in her ear when he learned that the council had been summoned to try him. So he patiently waited until the time should be ripe for his venture.

Two weeks after his public disgrace, Cross Eagle left his retreat and returned to the Sioux village. Concealing his horse in the timber, he advanced upon foot, trusting to his thorough knowledge of the ground and his command of the Sioux tongue, to carry him clear of discovery, though the night was bright and cloudless. Yet he was not to enter the village without some trouble.

While passing cautiously through the scattering timber that surrounded the village, a dusky figure suddenly arose before him, from behind a clump of bushes. The guard recognized Cross Eagle, and uttered a little cry of wonder; but the warning yell that rose to his lips never found utterance. A single leap carried Cross Eagle to his side, and while one snowy hand tightly compressed the throat, a long knife was buried hilt-deep above the collar-bone, the point penetrating the Sioux's heart. A single gasping gurgle—a convulsive quiver—and then the massive limbs were forever stilled in death.

After a moment's thought, Cross Eagle donned the dead brave's plumed head-dress and blanket, then boldly entered the village, though he knew that, if observed, he would be censured for abandoning his post. Choosing the darkest trails, Cross Eagle soon reached the lodge of Red Leaf, before which glowed a bed of coals. Passing the door, he cast a swift glance within. A strange thrill crept over him, as he recognized the figure of the Singer, and alone. Truly fortune was favoring him.

Passing on into the shadow, Cross Eagle softly breathed the well-known signal, and almost immediately Dowansa came to the entrance. A single repetition and the two were enfolded in each other's arms. Cross Eagle did not have to use much persuasion; the Singer was ready to fulfill her pledge.

Red Leaf was even then in the village, and might return at any moment to his lodge. Dowansa begged Cross Eagle to hasten back at once to his horse, and there await her coming; but to this he would not consent. He feared she would be intercepted. And so, one hand clasping hers while the other held a ready weapon, Cross Eagle led the way back by the trail he had come, over the dead brave, safely reaching the thicket where his horse was hidden.

But at that moment a shrill wailing sound broke the air; 'twas the death wail of the Sioux! The murdered guard had been discovered.

Knowing that only in immediate flight lay their hopes of escape, Cross Eagle leaped into the saddle, the Singer mounted behind him, and then they darted away over the rolling prairie. But fortune no longer stood their friend. A Sioux brave discovered them and gave the alarm. Before one minute elapsed two hundred warriors were speeding along upon their trail, well mounted, thirsting for blood.

Gaining the next swell, Cross Eagle glanced back, his eyes flashing fire, his bronzed cheek paling, but not with fear. He saw that the pursuers were spreading out upon both sides, to guard against his doubling upon them in the night. Oh! for a cloud—a storm—anything but that clear sky, decked with stars shining with such pitiless brilliancy!

But that was not to be. Speed and bottom alone must tell the tale. And for the first time in his life Cross Eagle began to doubt his horse—a noble, fearless animal. Yet now he was doubly loath; that fact must tell upon his muscles in the end.

On sped the noble black—on came the relentless pursuers, no longer yelling; all was silence save for the rapid thundering of hoof-strokes upon the elastic turf. On, thus for hours. On, until the black changes to white with sweat and foam. On, until scarce a score of pursuers remain within sight; but now they fairly hold their own. The gallant black steed is doing his best; he will give his life for his master, but there is a limit to all things. The double weight is telling upon him more and more. Cross Eagle can feel the great heart thumping violently against his legs. He knows that the end is near—that soon his brave horse must sink beneath this cruel trial. And the relentless Sioux thunder on, playing cruel quiet and knife-point to urge their jaded animals to a higher speed. And in the east a gray light glows, the stars begin to pale; but this comes too late to avail aught.

"Dowansa," he hoarsely uttered Cross Eagle, "I will stop and let you down. Thus your life will be saved, at least!"

"No, they would kill me. Red Leaf threatened that, if I ever met you again, he would kill me with his own hand."

"Then we will die together—they can't separate us in the Spirit Land!" and Cross Eagle's voice rang with a wild exultation.

"Yes—we will be together then. Give me your knife that I may strike a blow for you—and then die with you," quietly added the Sioux squaw, removing the weapon from Cross Eagle's belt.

"See—the timber yonder—we will reach that. Then we will sell our lives dearly! If the horse will only last till then—"

"He will—with only one to carry—Cross Eagle—kiss me once—I am dying!" faintly murmured the Singer, her head sinking upon the Swede's shoulder, while the hot blood saturated his thin garb.

With a cry of horror, Cross Eagle turned his head, just in time to catch the falling form of the squaw. The hot life-blood was spurting from her bosom. She had firmly pressed the long blade home to her own heart.

"Let me fall," she murmured, gaspingly. "Then you can escape—the horse will carry me—I did it to save you!"

Feebly lifting her head, Dowansa touched her lips to his; then her head sunk with a soft sigh. She was dead.

Like one in a dream Cross Eagle pressed her to his heart. He could not realize the dread truth. Then, with a feeble groan, the gallant horse paused, the blood gushing from his nostrils. Then he sunk heavily to the ground. He was dead—his great heart had broken.

A yell of exultation came from the pursuing Sioux. This roused Cross Eagle, and he caught up his rifle, bearing Dowansa to the now near timber.

The Sioux dashed on; but Red Leaf never reached the timber. He fell dead from his horse, shot through the brain. His braves dashed on. Two pistol-shots followed in rapid succession, and two more lives were added to the price Cross Eagle demanded for his life.

Then he leaped out into their midst, knife and hatchet in hand. The braves shrunk from before him, playing their deadly arrows. Cross Eagle fell, literally riddled.

Yelling triumphantly the surviving Sioux dashed forward to claim his scalp. As they stooped over the prostrate form Cross Eagle arose and dealt two more blows; his hatchet and his knife.

It was the last spasm of life. The three forms fell together, mingling their life's blood. The tragedy was ended.

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BY JOE JOY, JR.

Over the way my neighbor there,
The Monsieur De Guano,
Made mean investment of his means
And bought a new piano.
An upright one, a downright fraud
As ever swamped a Christian,
And all day on it Phillis plays
Just like a wild Phillis there.

Upon my word its octaves are
Too numerous to mention;
And one would think it ran by steam
And a forty-power engine.
Its high notes pierce the lofty clouds,
The low shake the foundations,
And all the teeth out of your head—
The strength out of your patience.

For music I have quite a taste,
But hence I think I'll swear off,
The rumble of that sound machine
Is heard full many a square off.
And strangers coming in to town
Have paused, turned, fled in terror,
Not comprehending what it was,
Nor daring to go nearer.

It jerks me out of every dream
Like an avenging spirit;
Though I should flee into the woods
Still in my ears I'd hear it.
Oh, for a stiller boiler-shop,
Melodious to hide in
Oh, for a soothing planing-mill
In quiet to reside in!

There is no rest save what occurs
Upon the music written,
And half of them are overlooked
So fast the keys are smitten.
It makes a man feel mean enough
To whip his old grandmother;
And men are growing bald and gray
For this cause and no other.

In vain I wish that I was deaf,
And in my ears poke pillows;
Or in my cellar go to hide
From those distracting billows.
I fondly wish that I possessed
The wand of a magician,
I'd lay it on that instrument—
Or else on the musician.

Out of Her Sphere.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

NETTA LARNE and Floy Percival, if you please—Netta Larne, saleslady, in blue merino and illusion ruffles and little coquettish bows of ribbon and turquoise brooch, and very much dissatisfied with all except the last item, which, being new, had not worn out its charm; Floy Percival, customer, in velvet ermine, with money value enough in the tiny jeweled watch she consulted to have bought up Netta Larne body and soul, almost, in her great longing for the rare and dainty things of earth, its golden prizes. According to all rules of precedence Miss Percival should have been mentioned first, but we are seeing with Ralph Allen's eyes as he looked down the vista of dim store-room, or as the space between was for the moment clear, and beheld the two.

There was besides Rose Vanner, *nil* in that picture, but of very considerable importance in her own estimation. She was hovering over the silk counter, stroking the folds of lustrous goods, and talking an incessant stream while Miss Percival made her selection.

"The silver-blue, is it? Such a lovely shade, but so trying to the complexion. It wouldn't suit everybody, but there's where you have the advantage, being a fair brunette. You can wear anything from corn-color to mauve and look well in it. You'll never know what a blessing a fair skin is until you grow as sallow from fashionable dissipation as beneficent Nature made me, and have to resort to pink saucers and cold creams, horrid nuisances, but preferable to a perfect fright. It will light up splendidly, just the thing for Mrs. Stuyvesant's."

The pretty little saleslady looked across eagerly.

"For the ball?" she asked. "Oh, it will be lovely. I am going to Mrs. Stuyvesant's, too, for all next week."

Rose Vanner stared. "Oh, to help with the costumes, I suppose," she said, but Miss Percival glanced up with a cordial smile and not a trace of the hauteur generally ascribed to her evinced toward the girl.

"You are going? Then you must be Miss Larne, I think. No one knows better how to make time pass pleasantly for her visitors than Mrs. Stuyvesant. Good morning, Mr. Allen. You see I can patronize my friends when occasion calls for it."

Ralph Allen, junior partner of the firm, had come down the long aisle to pay his compliments to these ladies of his set. Netta was folding and replacing the silks which littered the counter, but she was also watching the little group, and a web of the shining stuff slipped and fell, unrolling as it went. Instantly Mr. Allen turned.

"Let me help you with that, Miss Larne." He did it, then bowed out the other two, and remained standing, looking thoughtfully after them even when they had completely disappeared from view.

"Mr. Allen?"

"Well, Netta?" He looked down into the pretty face where the color was coming and going, and thought as he had thought a hundred times before, what a sweet little blossom it was and how out of place mixed in the great battle of life which some stronger arm should be fighting for her. To be sure it was a sturdy little blossom which seemed to thrive very well where it was, and perhaps the idea of transplanting it to his own stately home which Mr. Ralph Allen had privately entertaining made the step seem feasible, and whether a daisy would do honor to the atmosphere which would warm a rare exotic into life and bloom was a question which never occurred to him then.

"I want to thank you for a great pleasure and surprise. Of course I know I owe it to you, and I appreciate the kindness, but I hardly think—I ought—to accept it." Hesitatingly and reluctantly, the last.

"I shall be very much disappointed if you do not accept. As a favor to me, please."

"I thought no one but he could have sent it to me," said Netta to herself, her hand fluttering up to the turquoise pin; "and now I know it. I wonder—" The wonder led her into a dazling dreamland from which another customer aroused her, and she became conscious that Raphael Jones was watching her from the branch department where he presided over ribbons and trimmings, with a look which a month before would have made her supremely happy. Now it brought up all the bitter dissatisfaction which was the bane of the girl's life.

Why were we not all born in that golden sphere of wealth and splendor where our wishes would place us? Why could not she be as free of all care and as blessed in all things as Miss Floy Percival; and why—oh! why was not Raphael Jones Mr. Ralph Allen?

Jones! Netta's lip curled and her heart ached as she repeated that plebeian name, but a thought of Mrs. Stuyvesant and the coming week brought back a touch of the exultant spirit which had been thrilling within her

since that invitation had been delivered by the lady in person. For one week at least she would breathe the air of refinement and luxury and live the life for which she longed. It was as well for her bright anticipations, perhaps, that she could not hear Miss Rose Vanner's comments being given as she rode homeward by her friend's side.

"Will wonders never cease?" cried that young lady, indignantly. "What on earth do you suppose Anna Stuyvesant has asked that creature for? If it had been you, now, I would scarcely be surprised, but it isn't like Anna, nor in the least. She has none of her brother Ralph's democratic notions, and she's in the right of it. Oh, I say, I have it!"

"Have what? Ralph's democratic notions?" "Nonsense, her reason! Don't you see, that's the girl he's gone demented about. Don't you remember what Tom Wilde said the other night, that his infatuation was common talk? That's the girl, and now that I think I do believe you knew it. Why didn't you tell me, provoking creature! I didn't half look at her, but I did see that she wore a glass breastpin and was overdressed for her place. Hopelessly vulgar, take my word for it. And to think Anna should consent to take her up! I'll give her a piece of my mind, see if I don't."

"The breastpin was turquoise set with diamond sparks, one which neither you nor I need be ashamed to wear, Rose; and if you had looked closely you would have seen that Miss Larne is pretty enough to excuse any one falling in love with her."

"Well! I should imagine you would be the last one to find excuse for him. Oh, you needn't look at me so, for glances don't kill and my tongue's my own, and I will say if he's thrown you over after all our expectations and persists in this folly—"

"Rose?"

"Then he has thrown you over," Rose would have liked to exclaim, but when Miss Percival sheathed herself in the icy armor of reserve she wore at that moment, the other was a little afraid to make pointed thrusts. She contented herself with an attack upon Mrs. Stuyvesant the first occasion which offered.

"I invited her, yes. To tell the truth, I could think of nothing else to do. Ralph has lost his head, literally lost his head, for if he was in his right senses he would see that however pretty and attractive this Miss Larne may be she is not a suitable wife for him. I have some hope that when he is led to contrast her with refined and cultivated people he will see the difference, and next week I will have the house filled with our relations from Maryland, as good a time for my purpose as I could desire."

"A capital idea. Ask me, too, and I'll agree to plunge our young lady into as much hot water as you wish."

"No," said Mrs. Stuyvesant, reprovingly. "I will employ no underhand measures. I only wish to show her to Ralph in a true light instead of the one with which his imagination has surrounded her. After that he must take his own course. Come by all means; Floy has consented to do so."

Little Netta Larne however had no suspicion that she was about to undergo a crucial test; she was only delighted and bewildered at the brilliant prospect opened to her; delighted and bewildered with the grand palace on Murray Hill when she was admitted there. It was like nothing but a scene from the Arabian Nights, only that she, poor child! had the vaguest idea of those glowing tales in which few people have not at some time delighted. She looked around at the room to which she had been shown, the carpets as thick as cushions, the chairs cushioned in pale blue brocade, embroidered with a wreath of pure white lilies, the bed like a snowy drift, the air perfumed, the room filled with an amber light which streamed through tinted globes, and her own little plain trunk which had been carried in the one ugly blot upon that fair scene. She tiptoed across the room and peeped into a mirror to see if she were as much out of place there, but was reassured.

"And to think," she apostrophized the image, "that you may have all these things some day. I had my doubts whether Mr. Ralph meant anything more than kindness, but now I know he does or his sister would never have asked me here. When I am Mrs. Allen, I'll wear silk dresses and diamonds every day."

And then she sighed a little to think she must go down in the same old blue merino she had worn at the store every day for a month, but she had only one better dress, and it would never do to grow shabby after her first appearance. This was not a dress occasion as she found later, and one of the Maryland cousins, a susceptible youth, instantly devoting himself to her, little Miss Larne soon lost sight of her misgivings and became quite at ease.

"You are enjoying yourself?" said a voice, at her side, when the evening was half-over. She turned with a start to see Mr. Allen, whose very existence she had for the moment forgotten.

"That doesn't half-express it. I am living for the first time in my life. I only existed before." It sounded slightly like an expression caught from a second-rate novel, but Mr. Allen smiled at her enthusiasm.

"My dear child, there are things better worth living for than dinner and gossip, all that you have been treated to while I have had you under my observation, and Miss Percival's music is one of them. She is about to favor us, I see."

"Oh, that was what your cousin meant when he said her genius lay in her finger-tips."

"Charlie Allen is a regular old woman, but you may believe him while he tells you truths as patent as that one."

"If any one but Ralph questioned my veracity I'd resent the indignity, but nobody minds Ralph, you know. You play of course, Miss Larne?"

It was Charlie sauntering up in time to hear the appeal given him.

"No-o," reluctantly.

"Oh, then I'm spared doing the polite thing by asking you to keep up that racket. I suppose I haven't got a soul to melody attuned, but just between ourselves I think music is a confounded bore. I'm glad I've found one person who agrees with me, and has had the moral courage not to take the thing up."

"He doesn't know I never had a chance to learn," thought Netta, and listened to his light chatter while the others were absorbed by the grand, sweet strains the musician was invoking. The fact annoyed Ralph. "Of course I knew she lacked culture," he thought, "but we will change all that one of these days."

"Don't you think Mr. Allen very handsome?" asked Rose Vanner, as she stood near her later in the evening.

"I—don't know," said Netta, glancing at his strong, dark face where it was turned in profile in the distance. "I should say fine looking, but not so handsome as his cousin."

"Tastes differ, then. Charlie Allen's good enough, rather a pretty boy, but he wears his hair parted in the middle, and you must acknowledge he is dreadfully insipid."

Now, insipid Charlie was not, but the remark had the effect of making Netta feel guilty for the liking she had contracted for him.

"He looks like a person I know," she ventured, in an apologetic way, and with the words rose a vision of Raphael Jones. He belonged to the "pretty" order of men, he wore his hair parted in the middle, and he had never been guilty of saying a smart thing in his life. What would Miss Vanner say to him! Netta's whole soul rose in revolt against the weakness which would have led her once to accept the lot of Jones and call it blessed.

That first evening was not one of unalloyed delight, as she had imagined it would be, but it was the most perfect which little Miss Larne passed during her week at the Hill. The Stuyvesant party had not fairly launched upon the tide of the season's gayeties, and their amusements for that week were strictly home affairs, very pleasant affairs to all except Netta, but the music, readings, and conversations were all things in which she could bear only a passive part. One day *tableaux vivants* were proposed, scenes were selected, and costumes animatedly discussed.

"What will you be, Miss Larne?" asked one. "Titania," suggested Floy, kindly. "You will be lovely as Titania."

"Who was she, Miss Percival?"

"That one of *Macbeth's* witches who rode a broomstick to the moon; you've heard of her, of course. Don't you take that part, Miss Larne. It is too diabolical altogether," said Rose Vanner, with a laugh.

But Netta, with all her ignorance, was not a fool. She saw that she had made an irreparable blunder and that Miss Vanner was laughing at her. Even good-natured Charlie turned his back and began to whistle, and a curious gray shade passed over Ralph's face. There was one moment of painful silence, then the buzz of voices resumed, and Netta went quietly out of the room. Once out of it, she fled away to her own apartment, and threw herself upon the bed, fairly sobbing with rage and shame.

"What made them all look so?" she cried, angrily. "I hate them all—all!"

Presently there was a soft knock at her door, and without waiting an answer Miss Percival entered. Netta raised herself to face her sullenly. "I'm not going down there among them again if you've come for me," she said, ungraciously.

"My dear child, don't mind it! We are all liable to make mistakes, you know."

"It's very kind of you to say 'we,' Miss Percival, but don't you suppose I know better! I dare say there is not one girl out of ten thousand would blunder as I do. I don't know what Mrs. Stuyvesant ever asked me for, she needn't have picked the store through to take the dullest girl in it. Oh, I wish I had never come."

"You are such a mere child, and so sensitive. The people here don't understand; they expect too much of you."

"They don't know I'm only a clerk, and that I've always worked for my living, but they couldn't think any worse of me if they did. You see, I never cared for reading, as most people do. I had no time for it. I used to sew, night and day almost, since I was large enough to do anything, until I got my place in the store. You don't know what hard work it is standing behind a counter all day, and then I made my own clothes in the evenings, and tried to keep myself looking nice, and it is hard to be nothing better than a heathen after all. Not another girl in the store but knows ten times as much as I do, but I can make sense with any of them, and that's what's wanted there. I'm not a mere child at all, Miss Percival. I'm as old as you are though I may not look it, and I did so want to see the ball, but now I can't. I can't face those people and know how they all despise me."

All this was not given in one unbroken speech, but was drawn out by the tendersympathy shown by the other. "If you wish to see the ball, stay," counseled Miss Percival. "It is so short a time, only until to-morrow night. It will be easy to avoid any of the guests you do not wish to meet."

"If I thought I would not make some other horrible mistake," hesitated Netta.

"No fear of it, I think. You have a quick perception and do not commit *gaucheries*. Nothing will please me better than telling you anything you may wish to know."

So Netta stayed, but she kept her room all of the following day. Evening came; the guests were arriving in steady stream, and Netta, in an obscure corner, was losing her painful self-consciousness in her interested observation, when in came Rose Vanner's voice, with:

"Is not *La Ignoramus* going to favor us with her presence? You ought to know, Charlie. You are one of those under her spell. Now, don't deny it, sir!"

"I was taught never to contradict a lady. But, seriously, how much conviction does it require to induce a fellow to break the *Circean spell*? I ask for information. I am concerned to know whether we must reckon Ralph hopelessly lost."

"Perhaps he intends to marry his wife first and educate her afterward! Imagine him raving over his charmer's innocence! Fresh and unsported by worldly arts or common knowledge."

Netta waited to hear no more. How she escaped from the room she never knew, but when those loud words ringing in her ears, with the impulse to fly from the scene of her humiliation and torture, she slipped out through a side door, without a wrap, bareheaded and in her gala dress, into the bitter winter night. Fled blindly out, and stumbled into the arms of a still figure who stood in the shadow of the sidewalk, gazing at the lighted front.

"Hallo! What the deuce— Why, it's never Netta!"

"Oh, Raphael! dear Raphael, take me away, anywhere away from this hateful place."

Raphael Jones' "pretty" face took upon it the most determined look, perhaps, that she ever saw there.

"In one minute. Tell me first, is this Ralph Allen's doing? I'd go in there and have it out with him if it cost me my place a hundred times."

"No, no, no. Only take me away, Raphael, please."

He quieted her, left her for a moment while he went for her wrappings, and complied, all with a tender thoughtfulness that went straight to her heart. And though some silly notions had found a lodgment in her pretty little head, it was as good a heart as any man need wish to win. She told him the whole story on the long way home.

"And I can never bear to go back to the store again," she concluded, "never! whatever becomes of me I can't do that."

"Will you come home with me as my wife, instead, Netta? I've wanted to ask you this long time, and I did have a hope when I saw you wear my brooch. Will you come?"

Instead of answering she exclaimed—"Your brooch!"

"Yes, turquoise and diamonds, and I'd load you with 'em if I could. I knew how you liked pretty things," said he, apologetically.

"You deserve a better wife," she said, very humbly, as she realized that it was only Mrs. Stuyvesant's invitation which Mr. Allen had asked her to accept.

And he! Ask Mrs. Allen, *nee* Floy Percival, for an answer.

Centennial Stories.

THE SILVER BULLET.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"I THINK I will stop and see the belle of these parts. It is rumored that she is to wed one of Lafayette's soldiers ere long, and, if report is true, I may secure a bid to the lovable affair."

With the last word still trembling his lips, the speaker turned his horse into a wide lane, and rode toward one of the proud mansions of colonial Virginia. He was clad in citizen's clothes, and no one would have suspected that he was a messenger in the service of Cornwallis, who at that time was marching to Yorktown.

Casper Katrain was a Tory from intuition, and well-known in the country that bordered the James. He kept aloof from Lafayette's camp; but, between Cornwallis and Tarleton he fitted like a restless ghost.

He was on his road to the famous British trooper when he turned into the lane, and the message that he bore was concealed in a tiny silver bullet.

He was welcomed to the mansion by an elderly lady and her daughter, whom he found enjoying the evening breeze on their creeper-fringed veranda.

Catherine Eddy greeted him with smiles, for he was an old acquaintance; and the patriot family did not hate him because he was a Tory.

"To Tarleton, I suppose?" said the girl, with a smile. "Mr. Katrain, I long for the day when your rides will terminate—when no Cornwallis will need your services on this continent, for you are not of the kind of men who are born to be spies."

The girl's last word grated harshly on the young Tory's ears, and he made a reply that brought a laugh to her rosy lips, and a flush to her temples.

"Oh! I hear many reports now-a-days," she said. "Has this curious rumor reached the British camp?"

"It has not; but as I have it from pretty good authority, I think you had best acknowledge the soft impeachment, Miss Catherine."

The patriot girl essayed a second blush, and then prevailed upon the messenger to remain to tea which was about prepared.

At the table, Casper Katrain became very communicative, and in merry mood produced the silver bullet.

Catherine pretended to greet it with an air of mystery.

"Do you carry messages in such a tiny treasury?" she exclaimed, as the Tory held the little ball before her eyes. "How is it opened? I see no door, Casper. Surely this is one of the mysteries of war."

The messenger, thrown from his guard by the girl's *sans froid*, proceeded to unscrew the bullet, and reveal the message that Cornwallis had snugly tucked away therein.

Catherine Eddy and her mother looked at the precious message while the courier explained that it was written in cipher which Tarleton could read with the "key" in his possession.

After a while the lid was returned to its place, and the silver bullet hidden on Katrain's person.

Catherine grew more vivacious as the repast proceeded, and the courier pledged her in wine poured from bottles mouldy from long residence in the cellars of the estate. He drank till he grew drowsy, but not senseless.

"I will not ride on just yet," he said as he rose from the table. "Catherine, if you will give me a cot I will rest an hour."

With a meaning glance at her mother the young girl led the courier to a luxurious sofa in the parlor whereon he cast himself, and almost immediately fell asleep.

By and by the door opened noiselessly, and Catherine Eddy glided toward the sleeping man. Her hand was lost beneath his coat, and when it came to light again it held the silver bullet.

Cornwallis' message had fallen into hands for which it was not intended.

In the faint light that stole into the parlor, Catherine unscrewed the bullet, and robbed it of its contents which she secreted in her bosom. Then the little treasury was returned to the place from whence she had taken it, and Casper Katrain slept on, unconscious of the girl's daring deed.

After the lapse of an hour the courier, in obedience to his wishes, was roused, and prepared to resume his journey. Catherine Eddy tried to conceal her triumph and succeeded to a degree that surprised her.

Pleasant "good-nights" sent Casper Katrain toward Tarleton's camp in the north, and the sound of his horse's hoofs had scarcely ceased to echo on the rough road when Catherine's favorite steed was brought to the veranda by the black.

The girl, too, was going to take a night ride.

She rode from home, accompanied by a single person, and her steed galloped briskly underneath the stars. By and by the tardy moon crept over the horizon, and she heard the challenge of a sentry who stood, like a specter, on the edge of Lafayette's camp.

Her name and the words "an important message for the marquis," admitted her into the lines, and in a few minutes she was received by the young Frenchman in his marquee.

A look of surprise beamed in Lafayette's eyes when the cipher dispatch was placed in his hands, and he listened to Catherine's story of its capture before he ventured to inspect it.

"This is written in a cipher of which I fortunately possess the key," the Frenchman said with a smile, and then he fell to work on the dispatch.

In this duty he was assisted by one of his aids, and all at once he looked at Catherine Eddy. There was a broad smile on his handsome face.

"This is the luckiest capture of all my campaigns," he said, "and I suppose you have not dreamed that you were doing yourself a great service. Lord Cornwallis intends that there shall be uninited guests at your house to-morrow night."

The girl started and looked anxiously at Lafayette.

"I fear I do not understand you," she said, and the marquis then read the dispatch in a low tone.

"My DEAR TARLETON: 'Miss Catherine Eddy, of the Sweetbrier, is to wed a captain in Lafayette's army on the night of the 30th. The marquis and the general officers will be present. Be there and bag the precious game!'"

Our heroine's face was white before Lafayette finished reading the dispatch, and it was his laugh that brought the color back again.

"I fancy that Colonel Tarleton will not have the honor of bagging the 'precious game' to-morrow night. Do not let anything disturb you, Miss Eddy, for we will all be there and without the fear of a dash from the British legion. You deserve the thanks of the country for your daring deed, and to-morrow night I shall rejoice to give to one of my officers the bravest, fairest bride in Virginia."

Catherine's face was covered with blushes, and she managed to express her joy at being able to save Lafayette from capture.

"I would summon him here if he was in the camp," the marquis said. "But I dispatched him on an important but not dangerous mission at sunset. You may encounter him on your return, as I suppose he will halt at Sweetbrier for a moment, at least."

"The patriot girl did not wish to remain in the camp when she learned that her lover was without, and with the marquis' thanks and his good-night ringing in her ears she was assisted to the saddle by the aid and rode away."

Her rejoicings over her triumph knew no bounds, and her heart beat fast as she galloped over the moonlit road toward her home. The capture of Casper Katrain's message had saved her lover and his general; it had destroyed one of Cornwallis' cherished plans, and insured a brilliant wedding on the night set apart for it.

She wondered what the courier would do when he discovered the robbery. What would Tarleton say to him if he placed in his hands the empty silver bullet? Catherine feared that the impetuous trooper would have the unlucky courier shot.

Her mind was busy with conflicting thoughts when she became aware of some person's approach from the direction of Sweetbrier. Her first thought was of her betrothed, who, as Lafayette had informed her, was abroad, and would return to camp, via the estate. She became confident that it was he, and at last drew rein in the center of the road where she resolved to greet him.

The sounds of hoofs grew more distinct, and at last the horse and his rider came in sight.

Catherine leaned forward with eagerness to catch a glimpse of her lover's face, and watched the approaching man.

But, all at once a cry of dismay fell from lips suddenly whitened by fright, and she wheeled her steed toward Lafayette's camp!

The man was not George Otis, the American captain; he was Casper Katrain, the messenger of Cornwallis!

An oath dropped from his lips when he saw the girl turn her horse, and he drove the spurs madly into the flanks of his own steed.

Now was inaugurated a race for life. Catherine Eddy was an equestrienne who filled a saddle with grace, and she could ride at the top of her favorite's speed.

But the maddened courier was mounted on the strongest animal, and he gained rapidly on the flying girl, who was riding for the American camp.

On, on, the ring of hoofs on the moonlit road and the snort of horses doing their best, quivering the air.

At length the courier dropped the rein and stretched forth his eager right hand. The steeds were galloping side by side, and Catherine's face was as white as the foam on her courier's breast.

She felt Casper Katrain's hot breath on her cheek; she heard his fierce oath as he grasped her arm and almost jerked her from the saddle.

"Thief!" he hissed, in her face. "You stole my dispatches and took them to Lafayette!"

She answered not, but raised the arm which she would not have raised had escape been possible.

There was a pistol in her hand, and before the courier could interpose action in his own behalf, a jet of fire leaped from the muzzle thrust suddenly into his face.

A wild cry, a reeling in the saddle, and the Tory fell from his horse.

Catherine Eddy gazed with pity on the mangled motionless in the road. She had known him for years, and once, when she was loverless, he had played the lover. But he possessed traits which she did not like, and he turned away to make room for George Otis.

In his anger he would have slain her; but now he was dead—slain by the hand for which he had sued in vain.

While Catherine looked on him the sounds of hoofs again greeted her ears, and the person who joined her on the field of her victory was her American lover.